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THE NATION

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LETTERS

Ben Franklin's invention

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: About your editorial comment, "News from the North" [Apr. 17] that "we should apply ourselves to finding an adjective form of 'United States' and desist from usurping the name 'American' to the dismay of our Canadian and Mexican neighbors": Ben Franklin anticipated the need for this term after the Constitutional Convention of 1787. . . . It was his hope that citizens of the young republic would take pride in becoming known throughout the world as Usonians.

Ralph Izard

motive

Río Piedras, Puerto Rico

DEAR SIRS: Your Mr. Clurman [*The Nation*, Apr. 10] has the exquisite good manners we have come to expect of *The Nation*, hasn't he? It would be rude to quarrel with his considerate appraisal of Miss Skinner's book. But must we therefore accept his reading of motives? He tells us that like the hipsters she is "seeking release from the dull savagery of our Great Society," that in fact she wrote *Madame Sarah* in order to escape.

He knows this? She confided it in him, finding him a sympathetic listener? She didn't write her book simply because she wanted to, after a lifetime that, from long before she had ever heard of a Great Society, provided her with anecdote and delight in the subject? . . .

Robert C. Stephenson

poetry and protest

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Louis Simpson gives an extremely misleading summary of some remarks of mine on the poetry of Frank O'Hara, published in the Sept. 25, 1966 issue of *Book Week*. Mr. Simpson writes [*The Nation*, Apr. 24]: "John Ashbery, in a recent article on another man's work, complimented him on not having written poetry about the war. This struck me as a new concept of merit—praising a man for things he has not written. But it was not amusing to see a poet sneering at the conscience of others."

Since Mr. Simpson does not bother to quote my article, may I be allowed to do so? What I wrote was this:

> Frank O'Hara's poetry has no program and therefore it cannot be joined. It does not advocate sex and dope as a panacea for the ills of modern society; it does not speak out against the war in Vietnam or in favor of civil rights; it does not paint gothic vignettes of the post-atomic age; in a word, it does not attack the establishment. It merely ignores its right to exist, and is thus a source of annoyance to partisans of every stripe. . . . It is not surprising that critics have found him self-indulgent: his *culte du moi* is overpowering; the poems are all about him and the people and images who wheel through his consciousness, and they seek no further justification: "This is me and I'm poetry, Baby," seems to be their message, and *unlike the message of committed poetry, it incites one to all the programs of commitment as well as to every other form of self-realization: interpersonal, dionysian, occult or abstract.*

It should be evident from the foregoing that I was not "sneering at the conscience of other poets" but praising Frank O'Hara for giving a unique voice to his own conscience, far more effective than most of the protest "poetry" being written today. . . . Poetry is poetry. Protest is protest. I believe in both forms of action. . . . Incidentally, I signed and contributed money to the petition protesting the war.

John Ashbery

EDITORIALS

Speaking Out

Sen. George McGovern's speech of April 25 was a remarkable performance—but hardly surprising to those who know the Senator or who heard him at the Nation Institute Conference in Los Angeles on February 25. It was not only an act of political, moral and intellectual courage (unfortunately rare in our time) but—perhaps still rarer—it was so forthright that no one could mistake the speaker's meaning and no opponent could evade its challenge. Right at the start Mr. McGovern said that our deepening involvement in Vietnam represents the most tragic diplomatic and moral failure in our national experience, and that it is degenerating into an American defeat whether we "win" or "lose" on the battlefield. Indeed, the more complete our military conquest, the more tragic becomes our loss in everything that counts in the long run.

Senator McGovern will be up for re-election in '68 But does it follow that he has signed his political death warrant? We think not, and for specific reasons:

(*1*) He has been a notably fine Senator for his state He has served its best interests in ways that can only enhance the pride of his constituents in their state. Good service is not always appreciated—not as much as it should be—but it is never entirely overlooked.

(*2*) Whether spontaneously or grudgingly, people admire acts of political courage. The small-town press of South Dakota has already in many instances paid McGovern the tribute of saying, "We don't necessarily agree . . . but we admire his courage."

(*3*) The President is not popular—no more in South Dakota than elsewhere. Even those who support his stand in the Vietnamese War have no love for him personally. By challenging a major Administration policy, the Senator may have helped rather than hurt his chances.

(*4*) Candor has its rewards as well as its risks. The chief reason for the President's unpopularity is nothing so superficial as his manner or his physiognomy. It is the fact, unmistakable from the beginning of his term as the elected President, that he has pretended to moderation and yielded to the hawks. McGovern's forthrightness stands out in contrast to Johnson's deviousness.

(*5*) Nothing is more uncertain than the fortunes of war. Neither McGovern nor anyone else expects the United States to be overwhelmed on the battlefield, but other frustrations are in prospect. By next year, McGovern may look like a prophet—and prophets are not always without honor among their own people.

However one may assess these matters, one may be sure that McGovern did not place the risks uppermost in his thinking. He did not play it cool and cautious like some of his colleagues. The contagion of courage was shown by the way in which Sen. Robert F. Kennedy car

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to his support. Kennedy was far more forthright than in his previous stand, which left him safely on the fence. Perhaps a score of Senators who have been revolted by the Administration's step-by-step enlargement of the war, and apprehensive of the consequences, must now be considering whether open opposition may not be in their interest as well as the nation's.

By them, as by ordinary citizens, McGovern's final warning will not be easily forgotten. "Congress," he said, "must never again surrender its power under our constitutional system by permitting an ill-advised, undeclared war of this kind. Our involvement in South Vietnam came about through a series of moves by the Executive branch —each one seemingly restrained and yet each one setting the stage for a deeper commitment. The complex of Administration moves involving the State Department, the CIA, the Pentagon, AID, and various private interests—all of these have played a greater role than has Congress. Congress cannot be very proud of its function in the dreary history of this steadily widening war. . . ."

No warning was ever more necessary or more timely.

More Escalation—Why?

The latest U.S. step-ups in Vietnam are not easy to decipher from the standpoint of military logic. On April 3, at a press conference, Secretary McNamara said the MIG bases in North Vietnam had been spared "to avoid widening the war." The possibility of such strikes had never been ruled out, he said, but "We think that at least under present circumstances, and this belief can change as time goes by, but we think the loss in U.S. lives would be less if we pursue our present target policy than they would be were we to attack these airfields. It is always a balancing of gains and losses in terms of U.S. lives and U.S. political objectives."

Making due allowance for the fact that Mr. McNamara was speaking extemporaneously, the confused wording nevertheless reflects the conflict within the Administration over the question of bombing the airfields. McNamara has never been very enthusiastic about bombing. In this instance he went so far as to suggest that the loss in American lives would be *less* if we refrained from attacking these bases. But the Joint Chiefs of Staff wanted to attack them, and their view prevailed. General Westmoreland was jubilant over the changed policy. All he wants now is another 100,000 men.

What do the military heads hope to accomplish, and why did they insist on this step, with its attendant risk of a clash with China? Writing in *The Wall Street Journal*, Frederick Taylor concludes that the civilians in the Pentagon, from McNamara down, are becoming increasingly convinced that "there are no further practical steps the U.S. can take that will have a meaningful effect on the war. Yet they will go along with a stepped-up pace simply for lack of alternative proposals—other than just waging

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a long, mean war of attrition, which they see as politically impossible."

An experienced reporter with access to the Pentagon does not write such an amazing pair of sentences—amazing at least to the average American who pays little attention to the war—without considerable thought. The inescapable conclusion is that the military chiefs are so frustrated by the inconclusive development of the war that they are swinging wildly, in the hope that they can come up with something that will give them momentary relief from the constant needling and badgering which must be inflicted on them from the White House. The politically impossible nature of a war of attrition is even more keenly appreciated at the White House than at the Pentagon, where nobody has to stand for office next year.

And while the civilian thinkers in the Pentagon regard a war of attrition as a political monstrosity, General Westmoreland blandly says that it is the kind of war we are reduced to fighting. The alternative, he says, is a war of annihilation, which *he* regards as politically impossible, at least for the present. Kept up long enough and with enough pressure, a war of attrition becomes, as *The New York Times* pointed out editorially on April 26, a war of annihilation. Better evidence that the Pentagon and the White House have no idea where they are going, and what they will face next, could hardly be adduced.

What it all comes down to is that our military policy is as bankrupt as our political policy vis-à-vis Vietnam and China. More accurately, we have no policy, either military *or* political. We just try one thing after another, without any coherent plan, in the hope that something will work. It is not surprising that nothing has worked, and the forecast is that nothing will. Even old Clausewitz knew that war and diplomacy, if they are to make any sense, must have some unity. But if one has no sensible political objectives, if one has stumbled and blundered into a situation without any definable policy, how can military power remedy the basic defect?

We could "win" if we were willing to go all-out, i.e., if we were in a position to use the atomic bomb. But that would probably plunge us into World War III, and none of the hawks has suggested it so far. The alternative is the war of attrition, which leads Mr. Johnson into the political morass he fears, with good reason. He would be well advised to ponder Senator McGovern's speech and consider whether it does not contain better advice than any he has received from the Pentagon—or any that he is likely to receive this year, or next, or any time.

Adenauer's Tragedy

Munich

"He is dead for years now," the Zuñi priests say when the funeral rites are over: expression of the latent wish that pain of loss shall not burden the next of kin or the community. Judging from the thoroughness of the funeral rites, the West Germans hope to put at least a hundred years between themselves and their Great Ghost. Adenauer, it is true, was always something of a remnant —the living and vital ghost of a self-sufficient, patriarchal, non-imperialist Germany. He never understood Prussia and did not want to. He hated uniforms, and he was not keen on venerating authority. "It is not hygienic," he answered when asked why he did not kiss the ring of the Cardinal of Cologne.

His dry wit, his sometimes inane method of duping political enemies, his tendency to reduce everything to the simplest possible terms—above all, his utter inability to feel any responsibility for what happened under Hitler —made him the ideal carrier of the frightful postwar burden, an exemplar, as it were, of German capacities utterly unlike those displayed under the Third Reich. He was a man of the German West, of the Rhineland: that is why his hour could not come before 1945. He alone of all the German politicians had the detachment in that hour to see what had to be done, because he alone could envisage the future of a divided Germany. His political enemies (and I was one of them) blamed him not because of the line he followed but because he felt it necessary to deceive them rather than to convince them. He misled them by assuring them that, some day, Germany would be reunited as a consequence of his policy.

It is very probable that Adenauer knew one chief enemy—German nationalism. But he did not realize that he would have to crush it, not circumvent it. He certainly felt that the logic of history, the interest of the victors, the balance of power in Europe all favored a division of the Reich; he also felt that it was more important to assimilate his part of Germany to the civilized values of the West than to press for reunification. Nevertheless, he held a deep, perhaps an exaggerated, respect for the power of the opposing nationalist feeling. He managed easily to crush the fighting spirit of the Social Democrats; perhaps it would have been as easy to crush the cantankerousness of the All-Germans. He did not try it, hoping instead to create a *fait accompli,* a Western Federal Republic that would gradually dry out the old pool of vindictiveness.

But while he had a keen feeling for the historical German dilemma he had little understanding of the relevance of social contents. It is his tragedy that neither his friends nor his adversaries were strong enough to make up for this flaw in his splendid personality. In most important respects, Adenauer has been dead four years now: in some respects his type was dead since 1870, when Bismarck's Second Reich put a premium on rash overconfidence and thoughtless boasting. It was both the luck and the problem of Germany that one such man had survived the Wilhelmian reorientation of German society. He managed to rebuild a prosperous Germany—and then, without wanting to, he reopened the avenue for the very Prussian attitudes he detested.

C. AMER

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In the Back of the Train

Germany's extreme right-wing National Democratic Party won representation in two more state parliaments in the April 23 elections. These gains were somewhat less than had been anticipated; even so, the new party, organized only a little more than two years, polled more than the minimum 5 per cent of the vote needed for representation and has now acquired eight more seats. A remarkable TV documentary released on April 24 ("Germany and Its Shadow," produced by Arthur Zegart and Peter McGhee for ETV) perceptively posed the real problem: how much has the new generation learned?

The novelist Hans Helmut Kirst, a soldier in World War II, is concerned by what he sees "under the surface" of life in West Germany and by the "apathetic attitude" of the public toward the new party. Christian Geissler, who wrote *The Sins of Our Fathers,* wonders whether the young generation really understands the danger of right-wing nationalism. "Either they have learned during the last twenty years or they have not. If they have not, things will go the same way." To Geissler, West Germany is like a train in motion. "The doors are locked, the train is a fine train; all the people are drinking and dancing . . . but what is in the back of our train?" Those who ask that question are "imprisoned in the end from the other ones, who do not like to question, who like to have their good time in the train but do not like to go out behind the door, the locked door."

The impression left by these thoughtful witnesses was only confirmed by the slick apologia of the official spokesman for the Bonn regime and the unctuousness of Adolph Von Thadden, *Gauleiter* of the new party. And the shadow deepened as one listened to Prof. Carl Horowitz of the empty Bonn synagogue and to Arno Hamburger, one of 230 Jews left in Nuremberg of the 9,000 who once lived there. To them the shadow is clear.

The Greek Coup

In its issue of March 27 *The Nation* carried an article by Stephen Rousseas which accurately forecast the brutal midnight *Putsch* carried out in Greece on April 21 ("Deadlock in Greece: Elections or Coup?"). The army operation was planned well in advance, and carried out in the classic tradition. Until some of the dust has settled, it would be unwise to predict the course of events, but already unmistakably clear is the responsibility of the King and of U. S. foreign policy for what has happened.

During the past two years, the King has stubbornly refused to allow democratic elections in Greece. Facing a constitutional limitation on his ability to continue postponing elections, he cooperated with the right-wing National Radical Union Party (ERE) to bring down his own puppet government (the Stephanopoulos regime) and, later, the caretaker government of Paraskevopoulos. When it became clear that ERE could not get the required vote of confidence, Parliament was dissolved, thus requiring elections under the constitution within a period of forty-five days. Thus, as a result of his clumsy politiking, the King found himself committed to elections which would unquestionably have resulted in a majority for the center-liberal party of George Papandreou even greater than the 53 per cent he received in 1964. A coup, in the King's view, became the only means of heading off the elections he did not want to call. It is significant that the *Putsch* came two days before the scheduled opening of the election campaign.

It is also significant that the present junta has chosen as its spokesman Nicholas Farmakis, whose last name in the Greek vernacular stands for "poison." Farmakis is a well-known rightist who came to America three months ago without any visible means of support — a vainglorious peacock who dropped hints to all and sundry about the hush-hush nature of his mission. It has been established that he made several trips to Washington and then returned to Athens. And then there is the case of the CIA agent who played such a prominent role in the July, 1965, crisis which brought down the Papandreou government. He turned up in Athens a few months ago, ostensibly as a private citizen in the employ of Esso-Pappas. For the record, the Pappas Foundation of Boston has been exposed as a conduit for CIA funds.

But Washington's responsibility for the coup rests on more substantial evidence than these circumstances. The Greek army is a satellite army. It is inconceivable that it would have acted without the knowledge, if not the direct approval, of American officials in Athens. By clear inference, Washington knew what was planned and did nothing to avert it. In fact Washington's involvement in the coup explains the current campaign to dissociate the King from the junta and to make it appear that he had no direct responsibility for the illegal events.

Even so, there are some indications that the coup may not have been carried out strictly according to plan. The young colonels, for example, may have jumped the gun —which, if true, would not relieve either the King or Washington of responsibility. Or these lower echelon officers may have been used as camouflage—that is, to be able to stage a coup without openly involving the King. The Papandreous, father and son, especially the son, would be gotten out of the way and the King could then be shown to have resisted the junta. Later the junta could be eased out and as a bonus the King would emerge as the savior of the constitution. In either reading, the Crown would remain intact, the Papandreous would be contained or eliminated (Andreas Papandreou, a product of American higher education, is to be tried for "high treason") and a "national unity"—ominous phrase—government installed with elections postponed for another year or so. A neat plot, and it may succeed temporarily, but in the end the gamble may well cost the King his throne and Washington a satellite regime.

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THE WEAPON OF POVERTY

BIRTH OF A MOVEMENT

RICHARD A. CLOWARD and FRANCES FOX PIVEN

Mr. Cloward and Mrs. Piven are members of the faculty at the Columbia University School of Social Work.

It is never easy to fix the beginnings of a movement, but participants in the emerging welfare recipients movement will probably remember the last days of June, 1966. On June 20, about forty men and women on relief left Cleveland on the first lap of a 155-mile march to Columbus, there to present complaints about public welfare to Governor Rhodes. As the marchers passed through cities and towns on the route, local recipients, ministers, social workers and other sympathetic citizens, sometimes hundreds of them, fell in line for a short distance. (But in the town of Creston a cross was burned.) On the morning of June 30, when they finally reached Columbus, the forty marchers were joined by busloads of recipients from all over Ohio. Some 2,000 protesters paraded down Broad Street to the capitol to argue the case against Ohio's welfare system. Dick Gregory, one of those who addressed the crowd, announced: "This is not a civil rights movement; it's a human rights movement."

Ohio was not the only scene of demonstrations that day. In New York, 2,000 pickets, most of them on welfare, marched in the hot sun while their children played in City Hall park. And in fifteen other cities, including Baltimore, Washington, Los Angeles, Boston, Louisville, Chicago, Trenton and San Francisco, 2,500 more people in groups of 25 to 250 simultaneously demonstrated against "the welfare."

A great variety of demands were put forward on June 30 and continue to be reiterated in subsequent demonstrations. Chief among them is the call for higher grant levels. In Ohio, for example, recipients receive only 70 per cent of what the state itself has declared to be the minimum subsistence income by 1959 standards—73c per day per person for food, clothing and all other expenses except rent. The June marchers wanted the state to use its $30 million budget surplus to raise grant levels. Recently, 2,500 people in Greensboro, N. C., signed petitions to the state legislature calling for increases in grant levels; the maximum monthly payment which can be given a family of four is $152.50, but the actual average payment is only $96.00. Nationally, we spend about .7 per cent of our personal income for welfare, and the percentage is falling: personal income is rising rapidly, but grant levels are not. The average annual payment for an AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children) family of four is about $1,800, ranging from $380 in Mississippi to about $2,700 in New York.

"Snooping" by welfare investigators is a bitter and constant grievance. In Cleveland, the police department's Bureau of Special Services (BOSS), whose main function is to hunt out "subversives," cooperates with the welfare department. A favorite BOSS tactic is to interrogate the children of AFDC families about undeclared family income or the male companions of their mothers. Similar invasions of privacy occur regularly throughout the country, and welfare recipients are beginning to resist them. At neighborhood meetings in the South Bronx, for example, one AFDC mother after another will rise to vow that she will no longer teach her children to lie to the investigator about having seen their father.

Women predominate at demonstrations, but some men turn out, and their numbers may increase. Unemployed single men rarely succeed in getting on the rolls, even though in many places they are eligible for general assistance. Welfare officials say it is not good for able-bodied men to be on relief; it undermines their initiative. Being chronically unemployed, one might counter, is not character building either, especially if there is no other source of income. Men on the picket lines carry signs reading: JOBS OR INCOME. Since many welfare departments also refuse (often contrary to their own regulations) to provide benefits to supplement low wages, other signs call for DECENT WAGES OR WELFARE.

The establishment of day-care centers for children, so that their mothers can work, is among the most popular demands, although its popularity may decline when recipients actually experience the type of employment, and the wage level, society has in store for them.

Some groups seek improvements in food-distribution programs which are administered locally by welfare departments. The Food Stamp Act of 1964 prohibits distribution of free surplus commodities in areas where bonus food stamps are sold. In the South, many people lack the money to buy food stamps, partly because they are illegally kept off welfare. Nevertheless, county after county is now switching from the distribution of free surplus commodities to the food-stamp plan. The result has been near starvation for tens of thousands. Two million Negroes left rural areas between 1960 and 1965 alone—driven out by traditional welfare policies and the unemployment produced by federal agricultural subsidies which reward mechanization by big landholders. When the Mississippi Advisory Committee held hearings in Jackson last February to investigate the food-distribution problem 800 poor Negroes crowded in. At one point they seized the microphones and held them for two hours to condemn welfare and food-distribution practices.

Recipients are also plagued by restrictions in the food stamp program, particularly prohibitions on the use of stamps to buy such items as soap powder, toilet paper, cigarettes and beer. Merchants in big cities do a thriving business by selling forbidden items (including toys at Christmas) at a high premium in extra stamps. And they'll oblige only if the recipient is a regular purchaser of their typically shoddy goods at inflated prices. Most "ethical" merchants limit themselves to hiking prices twice a month, on "check days." In some places, welfare groups are joining forces with consumer boycott groups to combat these practices.

But of the many motives leading recipients to band t

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gether, none is more powerful than the hope of obtaining some relief from the distress of poverty. The most persistent theme of the movement is the demand that welfare departments abandon the widespread practices of rejecting legitimate applicants, summarily terminating the benefits of others, and failing to provide the full benefits prescribed by law to those who remain on the rolls. Groups which have concentrated on this issue have shown the most dramatic growth and the most stable membership.

Local groups have mounted a colorful variety of demonstrations to press their demands. Last September, nearly 1,000 recipients picketed the welfare department in New York, demanding increased grants for school clothing; the protest culminated in a three-day sit-in by AFDC mothers. Some 200 in Cleveland staged a "buy-in" at a local department store, carefully selecting children's books, scarves, winter coats and other items of children's clothing, for which they instructed the store manager to bill the department of welfare. In California recipients have organized "job-ins" to demand suitable employment at regular wages for men who are able to work. The state currently forces male heads of families to "work off" their grants by cutting brush in municipal and county drainage and irrigation ditches. If they refuse this peonage, they are dropped from the rolls. "Cook-ins" have been used. At a demonstration in Baltimore, a meal prepared from surplus foods was served the Mayor in his office; he declined to eat it. California officials and their wives, attending a "banquet" organized by recipients, were embarrassed when presented with a meal composed solely of varieties of beans. In some places, the names of especially punitive welfare workers are compiled and distributed on "louse lists"; elsewhere, their pictures are blown up in the style of "wanted" posters and nailed to telephone poles and tenement doors. By such techniques, private shame is being converted into public indignation.

National Link-Up

If the demonstrations on June 30 and subsequently result in the organization of some segment of the poor, much of the credit will belong to a national body formed in the spring of 1966 — the Poverty/Rights Action Center. It is headed by George A. Wiley, a former professor of chemistry who joined CORE and later became its associate national director. After leaving CORE, Wiley wanted to promote organizations of the poor focused on economic deprivations; he recognized such possibilities in the proposal to build a movement by mobilizing people to claim benefits due them under law [Cloward and Piven: "A Strategy To End Poverty"; *The Nation*, May 2, 1966]. Wiley now believes that "the welfare movement is the most important development among low-income people since Rosa Parks refused to move to the back of a bus in Montgomery, Ala."

Wiley's achievements are worth noting. The simultaneous demonstrations in June were the result of strenuous efforts to establish links with the few scattered groups that already existed around the country and to spur local activists (many of whom were in limbo after the civil rights movement passed its peak) to begin organizing new groups. In August, about 100 recipient leaders attended a meeting convened by the Center to lay the groundwork for a national movement. As new groups develop, Wiley maintains contact, provides program materials, and offers advice on organizing strategies, fund-raising techniques, and ways of dealing with intractable public-welfare bureaucracies. Recently, a national newsletter was started. In February of this year, 350 people, representing more than 200 welfare groups in seventy cities of twenty-six states, attended a second national meeting of leaders [see editorial, "Poor Power," *The Nation*, February 20]. Participant groups ranged from the "Mothers of Watts" to "Mothers for Adequate Welfare" in Boston; from Chicago's "Welfare Union of the West Side Organization," composed of unemployed Negro males, to Eastern Kentucky's "Committee to Save Unemployed Fathers," consisting of white ex-miners. Wiley has also helped to develop a National Coordinating Committee of Welfare Rights Organizations.

In the past, welfare clients have not often dared to taunt the system, its retributive powers being what they are. Even though the risks to individuals are still great, groups are now holding firm in the face of harassment. Recipient organizers have been struck from the welfare rolls in some places, and this practice may spread if the movement grows sufficiently powerful to cause political difficulties. Demonstrators have been arrested in a dozen cities. In Washington, welfare investigators photograph pickets from ground-level office windows; they follow demonstrators on marches, taking motion pictures through small squares left in the paint-darkened windows of their station wagons. (These practices ceased, at least temporarily, when they were the subject of a *Washington Post* article, illustrated by a large picture of a welfare investigator photographing pickets.) Police photographers in New York (who also work for a division called BOSS) erect tripods in the midst of picket lines. Wiley stresses to local groups the critical importance of making alliances with lawyers who will defend recipients against retaliation.

Professionals Know Best

Figures prominent in the social-welfare establishment are cautioning civil rights leaders, foundation officials and other potential supporters of the movement that political controversy created by welfare groups may impel state legislators to retaliate, as by lowering grant levels. Welfare reform, they say, is best left to the professionals and other experts who know their way about the legislative corridors. By coincidence, recently increased federal payments to localities for professionally staffed rehabilitative programs have produced better salaries, higher standards of training and various professional embellishments; they have not provided much additional in the way of funds for food, clothing and household furnishings—at least not for recipients.

The unions of public-welfare employees also think clients should defer to their leadership, on the ground that unions fight for reforms that will benefit everyone. Some unions have given modest aid to recipients' organizations, and recipients have joined picket lines during

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union strikes. However, the alliances have been uneasy. In labor-management negotiations, the unions concentrate on wages and working conditions, and do not push hard on issues of concern to recipients. During the depression, unemployed men demanding relief and welfare employees joined in the Workers' Alliance, but today's recipients are not primarily unemployed workers, and welfare employees now want to be professionals. Unions of investigators bargain to be called "case workers" and to be relieved of paper work so that they can practice "rehabilitation." Most recipients do not need rehabilitation and submit to it only when it is made a condition for continuing to receive benefits. Such coercion is a major evil of the system. The only way to eliminate it is to divorce the administration of benefits from social services. Welfare employees resist such proposals, for to surrender control over benefits is to run the large risk that few clients will use the rehabilitative services. Recipients, in short, cannot expect the social-welfare establishment to advance their interests.

It is true that a strong welfare movement might evoke repressive actions by legislators. The danger would be greater if repression were not a two-edged sword. Although two of every three welfare recipients in America are white, the movement is now strongest in the swelling Negro ghettos of the North. It is one thing to deny the black urban masses decent housing, education and employment, for people do not always acutely miss what they have never had. But welfare has been putting bread and beans on the tenement kitchen table, and those items would be sharply missed by a great many people if grant levels were reduced. In New York City, more than 650,000 people would miss them. The black ghettos may not decide national elections, but a Democratic administration can hardly afford to alienate so many voters by permitting states and localities to inflict new penalties upon them.

But if repression is not a serious danger to the movement, other governmental responses may be. Learning from the methods used in public-housing and urban-renewal programs to quell rebellious tenants, some welfare departments are promoting their own forms of client participation. "Community coordinators," "community organizers," "community aides," or what-have-you are hired to develop "client advisory committees," in which recipients can air their discontent, discuss reforms, and presumably muster pressure for change. Membership on such committees confers prestige: more than one recipient leader has abandoned the picket line to have coffee and cake with well-known public officials. To be listened to by the powerful conveys a sense that one is at last wielding a measure of influence, that progress is being made, that genuine reforms will follow. All this is illusory, but until an autonomous movement can gather the strength to compel genuine reforms, the illusion will be difficult to dispel.

Even if such committees proved to be a source of power, the members are likely to be drawn from those whose sense of outrage is not strong enough to withstand the effect of intimate contact with welfare personnel skilled in redefining reality. Thus a member of one client advisory committee is quoted in a welfare department publication as follows:

> I feel there are obviously two ways to work—either to be adamantly demanding, issuing ultimatums, making use of opportunism and perhaps exaggeration in order to press a point—or the slower, admittedly, but perhaps more effective eventually, way of using the techniques of gathering together, speaking frankly, continuing to ask, to question, to discuss, to learn, bringing faith and belief in each other and high hopes in our hearts that we will be fairly heard—and our recommendations and proposals, when found to be valid, acted upon.

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Government programs to get clients off the rolls and into jobs are also a serious threat to the movement. AFDC mothers may turn out to be the last carriers of pure Calvinism, for above all else many of them want to work. "New careers" are being planned for them as "subprofessionals" in various governmental agencies. However, the number of jobs is not likely to be very great, for the cost of caring for the children of working mothers in publicly subsidized day-care centers is considerable. The few openings provided will probably be filled by client leaders, who are the most ambitious and the most agitated by their low status. Some will be hired as "public welfare aides"—that is, as instruments of the same corporate brutality they are now fighting.

Who Will Help?

Organizing takes money. For even minimal national leadership, the Poverty/Rights Action Center needs $5,000 per month. But fund raising has been slow in the welfare movement. People who gave to the civil rights movement remember the drama of Selma: the need to help unemployed men and welfare mothers to organize seems far less compelling.

In a growing number of places, people who have benefited from participation in the movement are willing to pay monthly dues. Wiley is now developing a national dues-payment system, including arrangements for formal membership, that could make the welfare movement self-sustaining.

It is remarkable that so much has been done thus far with so little money. The organizing accomplished by groups affiliated with the New York City-Wide Coordinating Committee of Welfare Groups is a case in point. Neighborhood units raise money where they can, mainly from dues, socials and occasional contributions. The City-Wide body, which now has a telephone and a one-room office donated by a Protestant church, has financed its nine months of operation with less than $5,000. Nevertheless, it staffs its office, holds biweekly meetings of neighborhood representatives, sends out a weekly newsletter, sponsors city-wide demonstrations (some of which have involved several thousand people) and cooperates with member groups in numerous local demonstrations. The chief accomplishment of the City-Wide committee, however, is the millions of dollars in benefits it has procured for members, mostly through "minimum-standards" campaigns.

In New York, as in many other states, people get money from welfare in two ways. Once certified as eligible, they are supposed to receive a regular "food and rent" check every fifteen days. Because the law recognizes that people also need clothing and household furnishings in order to live at a minimum standard, provision is made for special grants on an "as needed" basis. But the system does not inform people of this entitlement, it does little to help those who do know of it to make application, and it frequently turns down (or trims down) legitimate requests. A massive campaign has been under way since last summer to inform recipients about their right to these benefits and to overcome the reluctance of the system to make grants. Simple forms have been prepared, in English and Spanish, listing the many items to which people are entitled (e.g., galoshes and a bed and mattress for each child), with spaces left for people to check the items they need. Tens of thousands of these forms have been circulated in the welfare ghettos, along with fliers telling people to bring the completed check lists to the meeting place of a local recipients' organization. When the forms have been collected, a demonstration is held at the district welfare center in support of a delegation delivering the forms in bulk to the administrator.

Some 10,000 families have participated in these minimum-standards campaigns, and have received checks averaging about $300. This represents a total of $3 million wrested from the system. Nor does this large sum take account of the indirect results of the minimum-standards campaign: client organizing has encouraged well-motivated social investigators to fight harder for approval of minimum-standards applications (procedures for administrative approval become more cumbersome with the size of the request) and has prodded their unmotivated colleagues into being more attentive. The workers, it is said, reflect this new climate in the handling of their entire case loads, not just the cases of clients known to be members of recipients' organizations. It is impossible to estimate how many additional millions in benefits have been released in this fashion.

Although cash resources have been hard to find, welfare organizing has been supported by contributions of other kinds, mostly from anti-poverty agencies and churches. The Office of Economic Opportunity, with its rhetoric about community action, attracted hundreds of activists to its payrolls, and then harnessed them to traditional social-service programs. However, at least a few of the anti-poverty agencies have taken up welfare abuses as part of their programs. What usually happens is that alert staff members, once in contact with poor people, perceive that injustices perpetrated by welfare departments, especially the illegal withholding of financial benefits, must be remedied before other family problems can be attacked. And so the staff of a Head Start or youth-employment program may begin to ask the welfare department to "adjust" individual cases. As the volume of cases grows and the workers become more expert as advocates, a community of recipients sometimes emerges—stimulated, often, by news of the national movement. OEO money has been particularly instrumental in assisting welfare organizing in New York, Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, Newark and Paterson, N. J., Pittsfield, Mass., and various cities in California and Kentucky. In addition, a number of VISTA members have become active organizers, and very effective ones.

A good many neighborhood ministers and priests have joined their welfare constituents on the picket lines and in sit-ins. In Chicago, churchmen have also given outright gifts of money to groups, and in Cleveland the Council of Churches is contributing to the support of welfare organizing by Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). In addition, the Council has sponsored a series of arresting ads in local newspapers. One shows only the distended belly of a pregnant woman, with the caption

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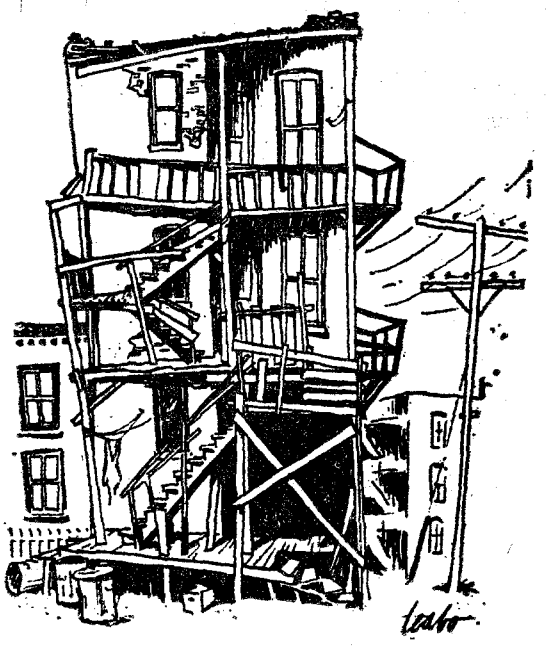
in 1-inch type, LET 'EM STARVE. The text then describes the niggardly sums available to Ohio's welfare families. And although it has contributed no funds, the National Council of Churches has been extremely helpful to Wiley in a number of ways; indeed, without its assistance, the Center might not have survived.

Civil rights groups are slowly becoming involved. A few Urban League groups have been organizing; the NAACP Legal Defense Fund is taking test cases in the welfare area and is helping organizers in the South. National CORE, its financial resources badly depleted, has been unable to do much, but local chapters in Providence, Baltimore, Newark, Lexington and Denver have been active. SDS has done intensive organizing, especially in Cleveland, Newark, Chicago, Baltimore, Jersey City and Boston, and there are signs that other SDS units may include this issue in their broader organizing programs. Organizations directed or influenced by Saul Alinsky have been effective in some places, especially Syracuse and Chicago, (where The Woodlawn Organization has built a welfare union with ten "locals"). And Martin Luther King announced in March the beginning of an intensive organizing drive in the Chicago slums to build "a base of power in order to bring about a guaranteed annual income."

Support is emerging in social-work communities. Some settlement houses — University in New York, Southside in Columbus, and Southeast Neighborhood in Washington—have been very active. Individual social workers (some of them public-welfare employees) are affiliated with welfare groups in most cities. The young professionals organized in New York as "Social Workers for Civil Rights Action" are raising funds for the city-wide welfare groups. A few local chapters of the National Association of Social Workers have provided travel money for recipient leaders to attend national organizing meetings. In late February, a consortium of students from the schools of social work in the New York metropolitan area sponsored an eight-hour teach-in on the welfare movement, attended by some 1,500 persons. The speakers included James Farmer, Kenneth Clark, George Wiley, Robert Theobald and several recipient leaders. The Poverty/Rights Action Center is raising money for students to do welfare organizing in the urban ghettos as "summer" projects, somewhat along the lines of projects previously sponsored by the civil rights movement in the South.

Welfare in the Courts

Concomitant with the development of a recipients' movement, an assault is being mounted in the courts against the laws, rules and procedures of public welfare; each drive has been reinforcing the other. The Scholarship, Education and Defense Fund for Racial Equality has been active in the courts. Its legal staff, headed by Carl Rachlin, advises welfare groups on strategy, represents individuals who have been arrested in demonstrations, and tries to persuade other lawyers to join the struggle. Last summer, the Law Students Civil Rights Research Council placed dozens of law students in Chicago, Cleveland, New York and throughout the South, many of them assigned to work exclusively with welfare groups.



The program will be repeated next summer, with a much sharper focus on welfare issues. A number of the legal-service projects sponsored by OEO are at work on welfare problems. The California Rural Legal Assistance Project, for example, moved vigorously against the welfare departments and has itself been attacked by the California bar.

A leader in the drive to establish the rule of law in the welfare field is Edward Sparer, director of the "law and social welfare center" of the Columbia University School of Social Work. Sparer and a large staff of lawyers try to persuade legal organizations and private attorneys throughout the country to take pivotal test cases against the system. They do exhaustive legal research and advise on the preparation of briefs. Several critical cases are now being taken by such organizations as the Legal Defense Fund and various OEO legal-service projects. One crucial case, now in the federal courts, is a test of Georgia's "employable mother" rule, which permits administrators to deny AFDC benefits to any mother who is deemed eligible for employment and whose children are older than 3 years, whether or not jobs are to be had. The rule also prohibits the payment of supplemental benefits to a mother who is employed at wages falling well below scheduled grant levels. By thus forcing people to take any job at any wage, this rule and similar practices in other Southern states encourage exploitation. Another matter, now being considered by the United States Supreme Court, deals with the question of whether a tenant can be evicted from a public-housing project without being given a statement of cause or a hearing; the implication for the thousands of recipients involuntarily dropped from the welfare rolls is clear. Indeed, many of the cases now being taken could substantially increase the number of people eligible for initial or continuing benefits. If the "employable mother" case is won, Georgia's rolls could double. But welfare departments will not comply with new rulings unless they are pressured to do so. The task of a movement is to organize that pressure.

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Organizing for Crisis

What does the future hold for a movement of the welfare poor? Much depends on their ability to endure the frustrations of organizing, the drudgery of pounding the pavements and knocking on doors. Recipients want to bring the welfare system to its knees, here and now. Delegates to the national meeting in Washington last February, on hearing reports of starvation in Mississippi, were ready to abandon the conference and march on Jackson. Workshops on the details of organizing techniques turn into rallies where people rise one by one to "tell it like it is."

But marches, rallies and exhortations are not what has fueled the movement thus far and made it grow. Its appeal lies, rather, in its tangible achievements: extracting benefits prescribed by law, and giving protection against the untrammeled corporate power of "poor law" agencies. Welfare recipients share with people everywhere a tendency to affiliate with organizations that can hold out the promise of economic gains. Nor is anything else likely to induce mass participation.

However, merely drawing people into organizations will not yield much power, for welfare recipients are a numerical minority, and what little strength of numbers they have is diluted by racial divisiveness. Like organized labor, welfare recipients need a source of strength that goes beyond their numbers. Labor exerts economic leverage through the strike; welfare recipients can exercise power by claiming benefits held back by the system.

To wield this power, however, the movement must mobilize with single-minded determination to obtain benefits for its members—for those now eligible who have been illegally rejected or discharged from the rolls, and for those on the rolls who are not receiving the full benefits prescribed by law. Naturally, it must also begin recruiting the huge new groups which will become eligible if various test cases are won in the courts.

Each time a welfare group turns to some other issue —such as agitating for a day-care center—it wastes its one source of potential power. Campaigns to get benefits will produce pervasive and persistent turmoil: bureaucratic turmoil because cumbersome (and unconstitutional) procedures for review and surveillance will break down; fiscal turmoil as welfare costs rise in localities where existing sources of tax revenue are already overburdened; and political turmoil, especially within the urban Democratic coalition, as an alerted electorate divides on the question of how to overcome this disruption in local government. Reverberations of local trouble will be felt at the national level, and in the ensuing debate over remedies to relieve local conflict, the poor and their allies can press for fundamental reforms.

Such reforms could extend to a variety of economic policies. Unemployed men are usually turned away from "home relief" offices, even in jurisdictions where they are legally eligible for aid. If they confine themselves to protests and rallies they won't get much, if anything. But if they organize to demand legal benefits, local costs will mount sharply, and that may focus national attention on the need for a program of full employment. Similarly, when low-wage earners organize to get the supplementary welfare benefits to which they are entitled in many places, a new force for higher minimum wages will be felt. If recipient groups (and lawyers) can prevent Southern welfare departments from dropping thousands of families at cotton-chopping time, so that they may be exploited in the fields, pressure to review agricultural policies may mount. And the breakdown of welfare's archaic procedures may help draw attention to the need for a simplified, federally administered guaranteed income for those who should not work (e.g., mothers with small children) or cannot work (e.g., the disabled or those made temporarily unemployed through recession, automation or plant relocation).

Will current organizing strategies produce the massive benefits which are the movement's chief source of leverage for reform? The answer is mixed. Thus far, organizing has mainly concentrated on processing individual complaints. This method is useful in building core groups, but it cannot be employed to reach large numbers, for it requires virtually boundless manpower and patience. Organizing by this method requires that grievance committees of recipient groups first study the complex manuals which specify entitlements. But in many places officials refuse to release these manuals; to get them, recipients must go to court or find sympathetic investigators who will steal copies. Furthermore, the welfare system can forget, stall, harass and intimidate. It can correct an error one month and repeat it the next. It can resist interference on a case-by-case basis in dozens of ways.

Part of the answer to these problems is to make recipients themselves more effective plaintiffs by informing them of their rights. Simplified manuals, prepared by social workers and lawyers, are now available in about twelve Northern cities and in several Southern states. A broad distribution of such documents will go a long way toward overcoming the ignorance of entitlements by which recipients are now victimized. But had labor confined itself to negotiating for individual workers, it would have obtained little more than minor concessions from management. It took the economic power of the strike to bring about more substantial reforms. Unless welfare groups do more than adjust individual grievances and hold rallies, they too will obtain only minor concessions. These token concessions will weaken the movement by creating a momentary sense of victory, leaving untouched the real sources of poverty: unemployment and low wage levels, agricultural subsidies which enrich large landholders and drive small farmers and rural workers into the urban ghettos, and the lack of a guaranteed income to protect people against a variety of misfortunes.

A more efficient strategy to increase participation, and also to build toward a crisis in the welfare system, focuses on some common deprivation that affects many people and involves much money. The minimum-standards campaign in New York City is the best example, but even there the potential has hardly been tapped, for only about 5 per cent of the city's 650,000 recipients have so far been reached by the movement. In each jurisdiction, organizers need to study local rules to determine whether a given category of benefits is being regularly withheld, and then must mount mass campaigns to unlock these benefits. Such campaigns bring organizers into contact with a good many people, and people into contact with a good

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deal of money. A fair proportion of those helped maintain an affiliation with core organizing groups; some become formal members, others stand by to support mass meetings and demonstrations.

The movement's full impact will be felt when it turns to recruiting eligible persons to the welfare ranks. The reservoir is enormous, since only about half of those now eligible are on the rolls. Philadelphia groups are planning to station members in welfare centers to offer help to applicants who are rejected. (In Philadelphia, as in many other places, the department turns down half of all who apply, and lawyers estimate that half of these rejections are illegal.)

The recruitment potential is suggested by the experience of an anti-poverty agency in Baltimore. Having opened a new office in a ghetto area, agency staff members set out to do "case-finding" for their services by knocking on doors. In the process, they uncovered hundreds of poverty-stricken people whom they routinely referred to welfare, with the result that the AFDC rolls in the neighborhood doubled. When interviewed by newspaper men, the director of the Maryland state board of social welfare insisted: "It's not our responsibility to inform people of their entitlements." This is precisely government's responsibility, but it will not meet that obligation. An energetic recruitment campaign will have at least the same effect in other areas, and a public crisis will result.

Some participants in the movement (and some of its supporters) are offended by talk of creating a "crisis." What they fail to see is that the system has already been subverted by its continuous accommodation to powerful groups arrayed against the poor and the minorities in the local community. Consequently, recipients are victimized by the discrepancy between the statutes governing the system, which are bad enough, and day-to-day rules and practices, which are far worse. The purpose of a recipients' movement is not to subvert government any further but to reveal how other political forces have already succeeded in subverting it, and then to press for major economic reforms. The legitimacy of disrupting a system that is already so corrupt is unassailable.

BRITISH LABOUR

FROM DEFEAT TO DISASTER

THOMAS J. SPINNER, Jr.

Mr. Spinner is working at present in London on a book about English history during a leave of absence from the Department of History at the University of Vermont.

London

The tiny smile which began to play about the mouth of Edward Heath after the Conservative Party won back a Glasgow seat from Labour in early March has now become the gloating smirk of a potential Prime Minister. For Labour went from defeat to disaster during the week (April 10 to 14) of elections for county councils throughout the country. Wilson has consistently reminded his party of the way in which he has been personally responsible for the return to national power in 1964, and for the decisive mandate of March, 1966. But just over a year later the Labour Party received a massive rebuff from the voters. The Prime Minister's own constituency—Huyton in Lancashire—returned two Conservatives to replace two Labour members. A slight swing against the government in power at this stage of a Parliament is to be expected, but nothing of this dimension.

The most important result was in London where the Conservatives scored what can only be called a fantastic sweep. It should be remembered that the Labour Party had controlled the old London County Council (LCC) from 1934 until 1963. In that year the Conservatives, despairing of ever winning control, and also employing an argument about the need for larger areas of local government, set up the Greater London Council (GLC). They added a number of wealthy suburbs to the LCC area with the expectation that this would give them control of the new council. At that time their optimism was misplaced. The tide against the Conservatives was so great in early 1964, following Macmillan's resignation and the Profumo scandal, that the Labour Party won the first GLC election with sixty-four seats to the Conservatives' thirty-six. The Liberal and minor parties failed to win a single seat.

The GLC provides the London citizen with a governing body between his borough councilor and his Member of Parliament. It handles such matters as housing, traffic control and education. Labour's guidance of the old LCC led to many progressive social policies and had been a great source of pride to the labour movement. While local issues may often be of importance to these county elections, it is clear that this was not the case in Lon-

Waite, The Sun (London): Ben Roth
"At Last—Something in Common"

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don this time. The Wilson government was being served a decisive vote of no confidence from the electorate. The turn-out in London was just over 40 per cent which is low, of course, but just about what it was in 1964. A swing of about 12 per cent turned the previous Labour ascendancy of 64 to 36 into a Conservative landslide of 82 to 18. Many Labour voters stayed home, while the Conservatives brought out their supporters and, at the same time, gained the support of a number of people who had voted Labour in 1964 and 1966. Any hope that a progressive budget might stem the Conservative tide was dispelled by Callaghan's lackluster performance two days before the GLC election, when he once again demonstrated how un-Socialist a Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer can be.

Unfortunately this means that the Tories will now push ahead with their typically selfish schemes in London—and in the other areas which they won—to sell Council Housing to the tenants, despite the shortages which still exist, and impede the development of comprehensive schooling. Labour even lost control of the Inner London Education Authority which the most wildly optimistic Conservative had not dared to think possible. While Heath and the Conservatives are jubilant, they know that this victory has come much too early in the life of the present Parliament. Elections for a new Parliament are not legally required until March of 1971 and in all likelihood they will be held some time in 1970. This means that if Labour should decide on elections in the fall of 1970, the Conservatives would have to defend their massive victory in these county elections just prior to a general election. It is unlikely that they would be able to hold all their gains, for Labour would long since have started to introduce policies designed to win a national election. So his recent big triumph carries certain built-in warnings for Heath.

As for Labour, its only consolation from this debacle will come if Harold Wilson and his cabinet sit down and reread their party platforms of 1964 and 1966. In an attempt to win over more of the middle class, and to please the business community, they have succeeded in alienating the working class, the trade unions, the intellectuals and the Socialist militants. The Wilson government has been conservative and orthodox in its economic policies of "squeeze" and "freeze." These deflationary policies have nothing to do with socialism and the creation of a society in which social justice has been achieved for every citizen. As one Socialist put it in a pub: "Bloody traitors! They care more for Johnson and the bankers than for their own people."

George Wallace: 'Running for God'

ROBERT G. SHERRILL
Mr. Sherrill, The Nation's *Washington correspondent, is on a political tour of the South.*

Montgomery

As long as George Wallace is dispensing what one critic called his "benign hatefulness" within the boundaries of Alabama, the 150-pound anarchist shows many talents, and they are all his own. But in national politics he can be taken semi-seriously only while he has the support of two props, both borrowed from the weaknesses of others.

First, there is the strange reluctance of the federal executive to enforce laws and of federal judges to protect the dignity of their courts. For most of Wallace's term as governor, he was under an injunction not to interfere with school integration; although he daily violated the injunction and was in contempt of court, federal judges who were asked to punish him steadfastly refused to do so. Now Wallace's wife is again flouting the courts and, to the extent that the Wallaces get by with this, his image will be artificially enlarged. Crush him as Orval Faubus was crushed at Little Rock, and his career will never again seriously seep past the boundaries of Alabama.

His second prop comes from the sentimental forgetfulness of the national press. Wallace's three-state campaign in 1964 was seen by most reporters as the most toxic kind of racism. They weren't fooled by the magnolia deodorant. But sometimes the national press now seems to be getting tolerant of scented bigotry. Typical of this dangerous shift is Tom Wicker's report in the April *Harper's*, in which he apologized for Wallace ("what he has really 'stood up' for is the age-old streak of 'practicality' and earthy common sense in mankind") and, for bad measure, threw in an empirically unsound psychoanalysis of that element of society which has heretofore given its heart to him (". . . it is not so blatant a thing as racism, or even violence, but the old basic natural instincts of self-preservation, survival of the fittest, kill or be killed, that George Corley Wallace Jr. appeals to in practical men. . . .").

And who are the "practical men" who eagerly anticipate Wallace's Presidential campaign? Gerald L. K. Smith has alerted his followers across the nation to begin petitioning to put Wallace on the ballot. Klan czar Shelton, one of Wallace's confidants, has said: "We made him Governor and we must make him President." The imperial wizard of the Interstate Klans (Maryland and Virginia) has wired Wallace his "100 per cent support."

If top political writers fail to see a racist as a racist, Wallace's image will be cleaned off enough for him to become a potent national political figure. Remove his props in the press and Washington officialdom, however, and Wallace will very likely fall flat. If his campaign for the Presidency flounders, he will be in trouble at home; much of his popularity in Alabama is based on his being a successful nettle to Yankee politicians. On the other hand, if troubles spring up first at home from other causes —as now seems possible—the base for his national campaign will be weakened. The necessity of a perfect interplay of success both at home and "out yonder" probably de-

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mands more luck than even Wallace is able to muster.

Out yonder, the political fields are already bright with Wallace's dandelions: the Conservative Party of Alabama, the Constitution Party of Florida, the American Party of Georgia, the Independence Party of Illinois, the American Constitution Party of Iowa, as yet untitled but organized activities in Kansas and Massachusetts, the American Party of Michigan, the American Conservative Party of Missouri, the New Jersey Conservative Party, the New York Conservative Party, the Constitutional Party of Pennsylvania, the Conservative Party of Texas, the Virginia Conservative Party (which, by the way, considered Harry Byrd and Willis Robertson sellouts to the liberals), the Conservative Party of Washington and a new untitled movement in Wyoming.

Wallace's success with the more orthodox politicians of the South is much more iffy. Even Governor Maddox of Georgia [see Sherrill: "Strange Decorum of Lester Maddox," *The Nation*, May 1], strangely fickle, has announced that he doesn't like third parties. When Wallace heard about this, he told a group of Alabama political underlings that Maddox "doesn't have much character," and when Maddox heard about that he said Wallace was just sore "because he doesn't have me in his pocket"; and when Wallace heard about that he said something that can't be repeated here. It was a typical experience for Wallace at Presidential campaigning time. Politicians who court him at other times flee him then. He has been saying the same thing for three years, and what he says is meanly shallow.

To illustrate specifically, I quote a recent conversation I had with Wallace. It was a drop-in affair; this is one advantage Wallace has over just about every other major politician on the scene: he's accessible, amiable in argument, and loves to gab. I dropped in on him at the capitol at 5 P.M., without appointment, and he invited me in for three hours of rapid-fire talk and chain smoking (cigars). Because he routinely curses liberal newspapers and magazines, some local newsmen doubted that he would talk to me at all, which shows they don't know their governor *de facto* very well; in his strange journalistic pantheon, *The Nation* is viewed as no more liberal than the Birmingham *News* and the *Alabama Journal*, although these latter are about as liberal as the *Chicago Tribune*. "Let's go across the hall and talk," he said. "Maybe I can persuade you differently."

So we plunged in, and what we came up with is something that with only minor variations and expansions the nation is going to hear, again and again, during the coming months. Wallace seldom varies his tune.

Q. *William J. Simmons, executive director of the Citizens Councils of America, said recently that he was discouraged because you still haven't formally declared your candidacy. Are you definitely going to run for President?*

A. Absolutely.

Q. *You'll get most of your support from the right wing, I suppose. Why don't you dissociate yourself from the kooks if you want to be taken seriously?*

A. Well, Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson got support from the *Daily Worker*. Why didn't they disavow that?

Q. *They would have, if anybody had asked them. I'm asking you about the Klan.*

A. Well, I'm not going to say anything about it. I made my statement about the Klan in 1958.

Q. *But four years later you had taken the Klan's side and the Klan was out nailing up your campaign posters. The Klan has been for you ever since.*

A. I don't know who hammers up my posters, but I appreciate all the help I can get. Some of the people out soliciting help for us aren't authorized to do it, but I'm not criticizing them. I will determine the issues and the platform and the way we run our campaign; they won't. We've got some of the finest folks in the country writing us letters encouraging us, legislators in a great number of states, people in local Democrat and Republican committees telling us they will vote for us no matter what ticket we run on; bankers, businessmen, officials—not high up, you know—in local labor unions. [Selma's ex-Sheriff Jim Clark, arch reactionary Kent Courtney, and anti-Semite Gerald L. K. Smith are among those helping Wallace. His campaign manager, Bill Jones, told me later: "We'd refuse Gus Hall's support in a minute, but it isn't that easy with Shelton's support." He was speaking of Klan leader Robert Shelton.]

Q. *On July 14, 1964, in Little Rock, you said you were definitely a candidate and that you had no plans to get out of the race. But five days later you withdrew. Is there a chance you will again withdraw at the last minute?*

A. I am definitely going to run as a Presidential candidate.

Q. *And you really think you can win?*

A. Yessir, I could win the Presidency. I got 34 per cent of the vote in Wisconsin. That was three years ago. A lot has happened since then to show the people I'm not what the newspapers said I was. All you got to have to win is a plurality. Abe Lincoln only got 40 per cent of the vote. Go to Detroit and Youngstown and Los Angeles—ask them who they're going to vote for. Ask the taxi drivers and the policemen.

Q. *It was widely believed that oil billionaire H. L. Hunt bankrolled your primary campaigns in 1964. Will he help you in 1968?*

A. Mr. Hunt didn't contribute in any of the three-state primary campaigns. We will accept money from anybody that wants to help us. Of course, we wouldn't accept money from gangsters or subversives. You know how Mr. Hunt is. He went to the Southern Governors' Conference and wanted to meet everybody and pass out leaflets. That's what he gives politicians—leaflets, not money. I'm not making fun of him. But he didn't give us money. [Nevertheless, they are friends. HLH watched Johnson's inauguration from Wallace's suite. When Wallace addressed the Jaycees in Dallas, HLH accompanied him to the airport and talked with him at length before Wallace departed. They get together whenever possible.]

Q. *There were many rumors of wealthy right wingers supporting you in 1964. Where did you get your money?*

A. We got $396,000 from voluntary contributions: a road block at Americus, Ga., a radio program in Texas

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that sort of thing. Just little friends everywhere. We paid the state of Alabama $7,000 for some phone calls. We was going to pay for the use of the state airplane, but the legislature passed a resolution forgiving that debt. So we took the $10,000 we was going to use for that and gave it to a private school. [Statements filed in Baltimore circuit court showed Wallace spent $90,000 in Maryland. *The Indianapolis Times* estimated the Wallace fund in Indiana at $50,000. If he spent as much in Wisconsin as in Maryland and Indiana together, that still would leave $100,000 unaccounted for. One rumor of 1964 was that Wallace was profiting nicely as a candidate.]

Q. *What private school?*

A. I forget the name. I don't recall.

Q. *Was it the private school set up to beat desegregation in Tuskegee?*

A. Yes, that was it.

Q. *There was a rumor in 1964 that Roger Milliken, the South Carolina Republican mill owner, bought you out of the Presidential campaign. There was a rumor that he paid you $25,000 to get out so Goldwater would have a straight shoot at the South.*

A. I don't even know Milliken. What's his name? Milliken? No, I don't even know him. Let me take that back. I've shaken so many thousands of hands, if he came through that door right there, I might know him. Goldwater didn't even know I was going to get out. A lot of my friends complained that I was splitting the conservatives. That's not going to bother me next time. [The idea that he could be bought off troubled him. He kept gnawing at it.] To take money to get out, that would indicate I was in the campaign to make money. Hell, if I wanted to make money, I could make plenty as governor.

Q. *You've had nothing but racial troubles in Alabama. What are you going to suggest, as a Presidential candidate, to cure the nation's racial problems?*

A. The first thing we've got to do to get rid of racial trouble is get rid of hypocrisy. The liberal says the nigger should be integrated, and then the liberal Congressman sends his kids to a private school. Harold Howe [U.S. Commissioner of Education] sends his kids to a private school. It makes the niggers wonder. In Madison, Wis., a woman come up to me and said it was awful the way niggers are treated. She said she knew a nigger with a college diploma running an elevator in that town. I told her if she would give me his name and address I would get him a job in a nigger college in Alabama. This is a state where a nigger can aspire to be a college president, but he can't in New York City.

My wife received 40 per cent of the nigger vote. She carried the nigger vote in Selma. These niggers know I want them to get educated. The only thing that stands between economic integration and the Alabama nigger is an education, and I want him to get it. The niggers are coming out of these trade schools and going to work for $40 a day, or at least $100 a week. I have them tell me, "Governor, we're for you because you educated us." I built eight trade schools just for niggers. They're segregated in a way, but if you want to go out there and enroll, they'll enroll you. A nigger woman cooking in a café called me back to the kitchen to thank me for the free textbooks her kids are getting.

Q. *If education is all that stands between the Negro and economic integration, and if Alabama has so many good trade schools and junior colleges for Negroes, why are there no Negro secretaries and no Negro bookkeepers and other office help working here in the capitol?*

A. We have more Negro employees in Alabama state government than in California and New York put together. [Yes, he did say "Negro"—the word sometimes passes his lips.] I forget the exact figure in those states, but I'm sure we have more. We have 8,000 Negro teachers, and their average pay check—because they're better educated than the white teachers—is higher than the whites'.

Q. *You're talking only about teachers. Why aren't some of these well-trained Negroes working here in the capitol building? I don't see any.*

A. Well, you say they should be hired, and then when I tell you we have hired them, you say they should be hired *here*. That's the way with you liberals. You want to tell people not only who to hire but where to hire them.

Q. *Something must be wrong with your system of befriending the Negroes, since Alabama Negroes show one of the highest rates of venereal disease, illiteracy and poverty.*

A. You have to understand their problem historically.

Q. *All right, so you will campaign for more education for Negroes. What else?*

A. The second thing you've got to do is give more protection. The Negroes want more "police-es" [this is Wallace's "Negroizing" of the plural for police], too. They hide under the beds in Harlem during those riots. They want strict law enforcement. The courts wouldn't let us limit the number of marchers in the Selma march, so 40,000 marchers came into this town of 140,000. But the courts let them limit the number of marchers in Chicago. There's a town of 5 or 6 million but they limited the march to 500. That's where the marchers need protection, in the North, not down here. That's where lots of police protection is necessary just for living.

If a white man poked, pinched and fiddled with a nigger woman on the street here, he'd get the hell knocked out of him by a policeman. Same if a nigger man did that to a white woman. We know how to live together down here. You can walk through the nigger section without fear. A nigger can walk through the white section. We've got good law enforcement in Alabama. [This was the day after the third church burning in a week in Lowndes County.] The intellectual morons think people should be forced to mingle. That's not the way to get along with each other. I don't think the niggers are inferior, but integration just doesn't work out. There have been twelve stabbings in schools in Alabama where the races are mixed.

I'm not just against the government telling you you've got to sell your home to a nigger. I would be just as much against the government telling you you *can't* sell your home to a nigger. I'm against the government telling you anything about selling your home. Manufacturers who move in here tell me: "We've got to hire some nig-

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gers, you know, Governor," and I say, "I don't care if you hire 100 per cent niggers. I think you should hire whoever you want to hire. That's your business, not the government's." If a local school board wanted to integrate, I wouldn't like it, I would be against it, but I wouldn't try to stop it. [This was about a week before he wrote the speech for Lurleen in which she implied that the state might seize forceably any school that was integrated to make it resume its segregated ways. About forty of 118 school districts in Alabama have complied with HEW guidelines voluntarily.] I'm not against a local school doing anything it wants, what I'm against is the intellectual morons trying to force their preferences on other people. I'm for what will work, not for theorizin', and we have found that segregation works best. All this theorizin' has got Cleveland and Detroit and New York in a lot of trouble.

Q. *Why are you down on the "intellectual morons," as you call them? Why are you down on the intellectuals?*

A. They're always trying to get their theorizin' forced on people. They think everything that HEW wants it should get, and I don't think HEW is any smarter than the people of Alabama. The intellectual morons in New York wanted to recognize Castro, and I used to tell the folks during my campaign: "Those intellectual morons couldn't see Castro was a Communist, but you people with just common sense could see that just by looking at his picture, just by instincts." The instincts of a common-sense Alabamian is better than the brains of a New York intellectual moron.

Q. *Your distaste for intellectuals, does that mean you didn't do very well in college?*

A. I made average grades.

Q. *Do you read much? What do you read?*

A. (*After a long pause.*) I read mostly magazines but I read some books.

Q. *What books do you read?*

A. Well, I even read *Das Kapital* once, but I couldn't understand it. Can you? [Three years ago in Baltimore he was asked a similar question; his head snapped back as though he were dodging a punch and he answered: "That question is 'bout to get me. Course I read Socrates, Plato and Aristotle and all those folks. And Machiavelli."] I like to read books like *Lee's Lieutenants*. I like books about the Civil War best, about people dying for a cause, brave men, North and South.

Q. *Brave people like the protesters who came South and got knocked in the head by Al Lingo's policemen?*

A. No, they got more protection here than they would have got in the North, and besides they wanted to be hurt to embarrass the South. Northern politicians are always complaining because we don't give protection down here. Hell, Martin Luther King can come to Alabama without protection, but when I go to Boston they have to lead me through tunnels for protection.

Couple of years ago, Governor Dempsey of Connecticut wired me criticizing, and they were about to tear down New Haven around his ears right then. Pat Brown wired me that they knew how to live together out there—Nigger-Americans, Spanish-Americans, Polish-Americans, Italian-Americans, French-Americans and all sorts of hyphenated Americans—and while I was reading his wire, the niggers was burning down Watts. A lot of people told me I should wire him back, "I told you so," but I don't believe in making political capital out of that sort of thing. A reporter asked me if it didn't please me to see Brown's troubles, and I said it certainly did not please me to have that sort of thing happen. Governor Egan of Alaska wired me and said I should stop causing all the racial trouble and I drafted a wire saying he must have caused the Alaska earthquake with all his loud talk, but I didn't send it. I don't like to stoop to that level.

Q. *What has President Johnson failed to do that you would have done if you were President?*

A. If I was President, I would have the Justice Department grab them by the long hair—these intellectual morons, these professors, these students tearing up their draft cards, raising money and blood for the Vietcong—and have them charged with treason, have them tried and put away. I'm not talking about the men who write we shouldn't be over there or dissenters in Congress. I'm talking about those who actually help the enemy. We're at war. It doesn't matter whether Johnson had the legal right to send the troops over there.

Q. *You didn't like it when President Kennedy sent the National Guard to Tuscaloosa to throw you out of the schoolhouse door. In fact, you thought Kennedy was acting illegally and you have said so a thousand times. If you are on the side of the soldiers in Vietnam, whether or not the President was legally correct in sending them there, why weren't you on the side of the soldiers and what they were doing at Tuscaloosa, whether Kennedy was legally right or not?*

A. That was different. I didn't have to be on the soldiers' side. They were on my side. As [Deputy Attorney General Nicholas] Katzenbach walked by them, some of the soldiers called him a dirty bastard and a sonofabitch. They said: "Why don't you get out of here, you dirty bastard," and things like that. I think if Katzenbach and his crowd had laid a hand on me, the soldiers and the troopers there, well, they just wouldn't have allowed it. I know that General Graham, we didn't see eye to eye in all things, but I think he would have asked to be relieved before he would have ordered the troops to lay a hand on me. The Birmingham papers reported he said: "It is my duty to take over." Why, hell, everybody knows he said: "It is my *sad* duty."

Q. *Many people say that little episode at the University of Alabama was rehearsed by you and the U. S. Attorney General. Bob Gilchrist [a former Alabama state Senator said everybody in the legislature knew what script you were going to follow.*

A. That scene wasn't worked out beforehand. Robert Kennedy wanted to, but I wouldn't do it. I have a record of our discussion. If he consents to release the record, so will I.

Q. *Anyway, you lost that fuss at the University, just as you have lost all your other segregation fusses with the government.*

A. I didn't say we could win it. I just said we would call attention to the liberties that are being stolen all over

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this country. That's all. That's why I stood in the door.

Q. *How do you get along with the President?*

A. He's always been very pleasant to me. I've always been treated real nice in Washington. The last time I was up there I sat at a table with Mrs. [Sargent] Shriver and she was kind enough to remember that I had escorted her into the Alabama delegation at the 1956 convention, and they gave her a standing ovation. I was for Kennedy. I have a lot of friends in Washington.

Q. *Has Lyndon Johnson encouraged you to get in the race to draw right-wing votes away from the Republicans?*

A. My candidacy won't help Johnson. That's where you fellows in the liberal press are all wrong. I carried Gary, Ind. I carried the Southside of Milwaukee. Go to Baltimore and see where I'm popular. I'm popular in the workingman's neighborhoods. I'm popular where they ordinarily would vote Democratic. [It's true he did well in some Democratic redoubts in 1964 but he also carried, for example, solid Republican suburbs near Milwaukee and Madison.]

Q. *On my way here I stopped by to see* [*ex-Governor*] *Folsom and he said you and Lyndon are "thick as thieves." He said Johnson stirred up the guidelines issue just before the primaries last year to swing the white voters solidly behind you. And Big Jim isn't the only one in Alabama saying that.*

A. You think LBJ got the guidelines to come out at that point to help me? That's ridiculous. You know better than that. He probably didn't know the guidelines were even out.

Q. *You aren't saying that Jim Folson would lie about it, are you? You used to be a Folsom man. In fact, he got you started in big-time politics, didn't he?*

A. No, I wasn't for Folsom. I was against him in 1946. But then I got five trade schools through the legislature, and I was thinking about running for Congress, although I would never have run against George Andrews —he is the greatest Congressman, so far as I am concerned, and I stand for everything he does—but I was thinking about it, and I asked Folsom to put one of those schools in my Congressional District in case I ran, and he said he would. I guess I told him I would do anything he wanted, if he would do that. So six or seven years later he decided to run again, and he came to me and said: "You remember what you promised," and I said: "Yes, I said I would give you my support," and he said: "No, you said you would do anything I asked, and I am asking you to be my south Alabama manager." Well, I went to Governor Chauncy Sparks and asked him what I should do, because I didn't want to do it, and he said: "Did you promise?" and I said: "Yes, I guess I did," and he said: "Well, you'd better go ahead and do it then because you can't break your word in politics." So I said to myself: "Well, maybe I can have a good effect on Jim's administration"—that's how I salved my conscience.

Well, so Jim was elected, but then I saw that those who was around him was drinking and stealing, and I got out because I figured they would all wind up in the penitentiary. Course, I don't like to go into that now, because Jim is sick in the head and all that. He supported Lurleen. [Folsom, who ran again for governor in 1966, used an old movie in his primary campaign showing Wallace standing before a crowd yelling: "If it's Folsomism, I'm for Folsomism!" But the Folsom administration had its shady episodes, and Wallace doesn't like to be reminded of how close he was to Folsom at one time.]

Q. *Even some of your enemies concede that your administration was fairly honest. Gilchrist said you are too ambitious to be crooked.*

A. There may have been some stealing in this administration, but none of it took place in this office. [Attorney General Richmond] Flowers would send over word that he wanted to look at all the books in some office and I would tell the official in that office: "You give him everything he wants—everything—and if he finds something wrong, you're out." I told my cabinet I'm not keeping crooks.

Q. *You made quite a to-do over the Supreme Court decision on school prayers. Are you a religious man?*

A. My family upbringing was religious. My uncle was a Populist and a doctor who treated everyone whether they could pay or not. He was a religious man, a Meth-

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odist, who had a prayer session in his office every day. I'm a Methodist too, but not as good a Christian as I want to be. I go to church, but not as regularly as I want to.

Q. *You think it might be a Christian gesture not to mistreat Negroes?*

A. The Christian thing is to get along with them, and the South does this, although there might be a little paternalism.

Q. *The way you've floated bond issues and put the state in debt to build roads and schools, some people in Alabama call you a red-eyed liberal.*

A. I'm not a liberal. A liberal is one who used to be against laws infringing on the rights of the individual. Now the liberal wants the government to lay down all sorts of guidelines, telling us to send our kids to this school or that school, not to build that school, to tear down another school. I believe in spending on schools. I believe in teaching niggers a trade to get them so they can support themselves and not be a drag. I believe in spending for aid to dependent children, but we had a campaign in my administration to find out if all those missing daddies was really missing, and we found that a lot of those missing daddies was living in the same town, and we took them to court and made them start supporting their own kids. I believe in good pensions. The average of our Alabama pensioners is 75, and 3 per cent of them are over 90 years old. These people are destitute. We've got to help them. I want to help them. Our average pension payment is $80 a month, the highest in the Deep South, and I'm not ashamed of it. I'm proud of that. [Former Congressman Carl Elliott claims that the average old-age pension has actually dropped from $75 to $72 a month during Wallace's control of the capitol.]

I'm proud to borrow money for highways. We borrowed $125 million during my administration, and if I had been governor forty years ago I'd have borrowed it forty years ago so we could have had our good highways a lot sooner. You borrow $100 million to build roads, and you've got to pay a lot of interest, but the land that road goes through increases in value by $150 million or $200 million, and we get taxes on that. And it brings in industry. Things spring up all along these new highways, and that means jobs.

Q. *You spend a lot of that money to help industries that don't need any help, don't you? And make the poor people pay for the cost of those bonds and high interest?*

A. We used $5 million of one bond issue to build a bridge over the Alabama River because we promised a Canadian paper company we would do it if they came down here, and they came down here, and they are building a $100 million plant. Of course, they got a tax advantage on that investment. I guess you could call me a Populist. That's probably not a bad definition. One reason these flaming liberals are afraid of me is that I'm not against helping people who need help.

Q. *The poor people pay for their own help in this state. You've strapped them with a 4 per cent sales tax, across the board, plus a 2 per cent local sales tax in some cities. You don't tax industry that hard.*

A. I'm sorry about the sales tax. I was against it when I was in the legislature. I filibustered against it. But I'm going to get a bill through this legislature to charge banks interest on state money deposited with them. That'll be a first, and it will bring in $4 million a year and we'll use that to upgrade our hospital system. We're also going to rebuild the prison system from the ground up. And we're putting in a trade school in the prison big enough to handle the younger inmates who are there because they couldn't earn a living in the first place.

Q. *You keep complaining that the press has written insulting things about your personal habits. I haven't read any such accounts. What has been written about you that you don't like?*

A. *Time* magazine said I picked my teeth with a soiled toothpick. Phil Carter of *Newsweek* said to me: "I'm a good Mississippi boy and I understand you, Governor, so let me travel with you and give you a good story," and I said: "O. K., come along, podnuh: I know you won't write it right, but come along." And I took him in to eat with me, and he wrote in his story that I ate with a sucking sound.

Q. *Are you thin-skinned about what is written about you?*

A. Oh, no. If I cared what people say about me, I'd have had a heart attack long ago. After I spoke at the National Press Club in Washington they voted not to give me a citation. They gave them to Khrushchev and Castro, but they wouldn't give one to me.

Q. *As a matter of fact, in a subtle way, you abuse the press sometimes, don't you?*

A. No. I protect the press. Sometime I used to talk about a particular reporter being in the crowd and what his paper or magazine had said about Alabama. I would say: "And here's *Esquire*"—their reporter had more hair than you ever seen—and I would point him out and say something about him, or about the *Los Angeles Times* man. After a while, when a little woman with an umbrella came up and threatened the reporters, and some steelworkers said, "Here's the sonsofbitches, let's get 'em," the reporters came to me and said: "Governor, these people are going to harm us if you don't help us"; so thereafter I would tell the crowds: "Now, let's treat these reporters polite and show 'em and the rest of the world that we are just as cultivated and refined as anybody anywhere." [This trick of "protecting" reporters after arousing the crowd against them is something Wallace picked up from Faubus, who often used it in the hot days after Little Rock.]

Wallace asked me to stay for supper, but three hours of ideological bombardment from the Governor's husband is enough for one sitting. Well, that's his line. It is 1964 warmed over on a very low flame. "Niggers" need to be given a trade-school education and then isolated; he believes in local determination, so long as it coincides with the whim of the state's chief executive; he thinks this country is still sending supplies to Cuba; anyone in Washington who disagrees with him is a "pinknik" or "intellectual moron." It just doesn't seem likely that this, as a national platform, will thrill the 40 per cent of the electorate that Wallace is counting on.

Meanwhile, at home the Wallace cult is not as solid

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as it might seem. The state Democratic Executive Committee is headed by Robert S. Vance of Birmingham, who is a "national" Democrat. He was elected chairman over Wallace's opposition, and in October Wallace tried to get a majority of the seventy-two members to sign a petition to convene and kick out Vance. This was Wallace's opening move in his latest Presidential bid. But he failed to get a majority to sign; in fact, he got only thirty-two. This was a blow. He may still try to take over the Democratic committee, buying a majority with paving contracts, insurance premiums and appointments to public office.

But if he succeeds, he will meet immediate opposition from forces that are still in a disorganized, guerrilla condition, but ready to organize. The leadership will come from Judge Roy Mayhall of Jasper, the former chairman of the committee, once a Wallace supporter but now a blood enemy. Mayhall swings a great deal of weight among national Democrats of the state. He told *The Nation* that if Wallace takes over the state Democratic Party apparatus, he and a dozen other members of the committee are prepared to reorganize under the title "National Democratic Party" and get on the Alabama ballot under the donkey emblem (the traditional Democratic emblem in that state is the cock). He is convinced that their Democratic organization would be recognized over Wallace's at the national convention and that it would pull one-third of the votes in the primary—sufficient to bruise Wallace's image heavily enough for the whole country to see.

If, on the other hand, Wallace chooses to disregard the executive committee and go the third-party route even in his own state, says Mayhall, this would leave the nationally oriented Democrats in control of the party machinery and the party funds.

Allan Shivers, at one time one of the most powerful politicians in the South, professed to be a Democrat for local purposes but deserted his national leaders in 1952, 1956 and 1960. Today Shivers is completely discredited. "Wallace is following the Shivers line," said Mayhall, "and when things swing, he'll be as dead as Shivers."

At the capitol, Wallace has other problems. The Alabama Highway Department is bankrupt. It is staying in business solely with some funds left over from an old bond issue. When a Highway Department (the most important patronage slush fund at a governor's disposal) *operates* on bond money, things are in a bad shape. Furthermore, the big city legislators—who, through reapportionment, can finally match the strength of the rural bloc—are determined to get a better cut of the highway money. If one of their plans succeeds, it will mean the end of the farm-to-market program. When those farmers no longer see the fresh asphalt being poured in stringy strips through the backwoods, they are going to be unhappy. More unhappiness will be aroused when Wallace, as he must, pushes up taxes on either gasoline, or registration tags, or trucks—or all of them.

Wallace holds complete control over the legislature in emotional areas like the Negro question, but in economic matters it is another thing. State Sen. Hugh Morrow, a Birmingham banker who heads the powerful Jefferson County delegation (one-fifth of the Senate, enough to keep a filibuster going till doomsday), says flatly that the urban crowd is willing to do battle with Wallace's country backers. "We're going to be sonsofbitches like *they*'ve been all these years," he says. "We've been pushed around long enough. Up to reapportionment, they didn't care if we had time to read a bill before they passed it."

In four years of the previous Wallace administration, the Alabama House was such a rubber-stamp affair that only one Wallace bill—an insignificant one, at that—was voted down. Things may be different this time.

The potential of rebellion was seen most dramatically when the legislature gave itself a generous pay raise by overriding a George and Lurleen veto. The legislature also spat back Lurleen's nomination for the directorship of the liquor control board, on a technicality that in the old days could easily have been worked out. And whereas in 1963 Wallace got his highway bond program accepted in two weeks, this time it has taken two months.

Does this kind of recalcitrance mean that the solid Wallace front is cracking at home? Cracking, perhaps; no more than that. But it is causing talk. As a Birmingham newspaper editor put it privately: "Look, this is amazing. Wallace holds all the cards. He owns the speaker in the House and the lieutenant governor in the Senate. For the first time in modern history, the governor controls the committee-naming mechanism in the Senate. Yet, here at the outset of the legislative session he has a full-scale rebellion on his hands! The way things look from the outside, this legislature should be rigged for Wallace. And yet I hear about the governor's floor leader walking up to a small county legislator and saying about the bond program: 'This is the governor's program,' and the small county legislator saying, 'So what?' and walking away. That's very, very interesting."

If Wallace manipulates the legislature into another rubber-stamp session, the victory will be his. But if the cracks begin to widen and his program falls through, the scorn also will be his—not Lurleen's. For after ninety days of the new regime, the pretense of Mrs. Wallace's being called "Governor" except for ceremonial occasions is transparent to even the thickest of Alabamians. For a while a flurry of stories was spun around the question of whether or not she would have anything to say about how things go in the state. The *Wall Street Journal* story of December 1 was typical: "Who will wear the pants in the governor's mansion here? Surprisingly, that's a matter for speculation. At first, nearly everyone here assumed that if Mrs. George Wallace was elected to succeed her husband as governor of Alabama, Mr. Wallace simply would continue in charge. But now that she has been elected, some people aren't so sure." If they still aren't so sure, then they are either blind or very dull. Wallace runs everything; Mrs. Wallace is a ribbon cutter. Alabama newspaper reporters would no more think of querying her on an important governmental issue than they would think of going to one of the capitol custodians. Legislators and lobbyists deal with him altogether. Wallace's office is across the hall from hers, but he still uses the antechamber to the governor's office as if it were his own. He leaves his office and goes through a door on her side of the hall

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that allows him to emerge into the governor's antechamber, howdying and shaking hands with all the folks waiting there, just as in the old days.

Bill Jones, Wallace's former press aide and now his Presidential campaign manager, claims that "Wallace never pretended that Mrs. Wallace would act as governor except for ceremonies." As a matter of fact, though it was always stressed during her campaign that he would be her number-one adviser, it was also stressed that she is capable of running the state herself and that he would be busy, much of the time, "running for God," as one Alabama legislator put it.

Things have not turned out that way. Mrs. Wallace is not capable of running the legislature, much less the state. As this becomes increasingly evident to Alabamians, Wallace, not his wife, will have to assume public responsibility for the mistakes of this administration. And as he steps up his Presidential campaign, he will have to relax his hold on state government and the fumbles will become more numerous. Also, if one judges by past Alabama history, the real looting will begin. The two administrations prior to Wallace's coming to power were well larded with crooks; ambition, if nothing else, has kept Wallace clean, but not all the men around him have shown the same disposition. With him out of the state, they can be expected to start grabbing. Some of them have already tried, but it was promptly quieted. Open scandal is something Alabamians will not forgive. They did not forgive the sins of the Patterson and Folsom administrations. It is not likely that Wallace, for all his present popularity, could survive it either. In the late 1950s, Gov. Marvin Griffin of Georgia was the loudest segregationist in the South, but his administration was also one of the most corrupt. Today, he could not win the lowest office in that state. And the longer a governor is in office, the harder it is to control his grabby followers. Faubus, who set a record in Arkansas for unbroken service as a Southern governor, managed to keep down the scandal until his last months in office, but then things began falling. Sadly, Faubus told Roy Reed of *The New York Times* that the more success a governor has at the ballot box, the more difficulties he has maintaining discipline among the troops. Now this will begin to be Wallace's big problem. And he must lick it, for while no state loves its segregation more than Alabama, most Southernors are not sold on what the great political writer Charles Pou once described as the "if-you-ain't-for-stealing-you-ain't-for-segregation" rationale.

THE PERJURY ROUTINE

IRVING YOUNGER
Mr. Younger is professor of law at New York University School of Law. He was formerly Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

On March 20, in *McCray* v. *Illinois*, the Supreme Court held that when, on being questioned as to whether there was probable cause to arrest a defendant, a policeman testifies that a "reliable informant" told him that the defendant was committing a crime, the policeman need not name the informant. Justice Stewart, for himself and four other members of the Court, said that "nothing in the Due Process Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment requires a state court judge in every such hearing to assume the arresting officers are committing perjury."

Why not? Every lawyer who practices in the criminal courts knows that police perjury is commonplace.

The reason is not hard to find. Policemen see themselves as fighting a two-front war—against criminals in the street and against "liberal" rules of law in court. All's fair in this war, including the use of perjury to subvert "liberal" rules of law that might free those who "ought" to be jailed. And even if his lies are exposed in the courtroom, the policeman is as likely to be indicted for perjury by his co-worker, the prosecutor, as he is to be struck down by thunderbolts from an avenging heaven.

It is a peculiarity of our legal system that the police have unique opportunities (and unique temptations) to give false testimony. When the Supreme Court lays down a rule to govern the conduct of the police, the rule does not enforce itself. Some further proceeding, such as the "probable cause" hearing in *McCray*, is almost always necessary to determine what actually happened. In *Mapp* v. *Ohio*, for example, the Supreme Court laid down the rule that evidence obtained by the police through an unreasonable search and seizure may not be used in a state criminal prosecution. But before applying the rule to any particular case, a hearing must be held to establish the facts. Then the judge decides whether those facts constitute an unreasonable search and seizure. In *Miranda* v. *Arizona*, the Court held that a suspect must be fully warned of his right to remain silent and to the assistance of counsel before his statements will be admissible against him. But in any particular case, as under *Mapp*, a hearing must first be held to determine whether the suspect was in fact properly warned. Only if the judge concludes that he was properly warned do his statements come into evidence against him.

Such hearings usually follow a standard pattern. The policemen testify to their version of the circumstances of the search or of the interrogation, always reflecting perfect legality. The defendant testifies to his version, always reflecting egregious illegality. The judge must choose between two statements, and, not surprisingly, he almost always accepts the policeman's word.

The difficulty arises when one stands back from the particular case and looks at a series of cases. It then becomes apparent that policemen are committing perjury at least in some of them, and perhaps in nearly all of them. Narcotics prosecutions in New York City can be so viewed. Before *Mapp*, the policeman typically testified that he stopped the defendant for little or no reason,

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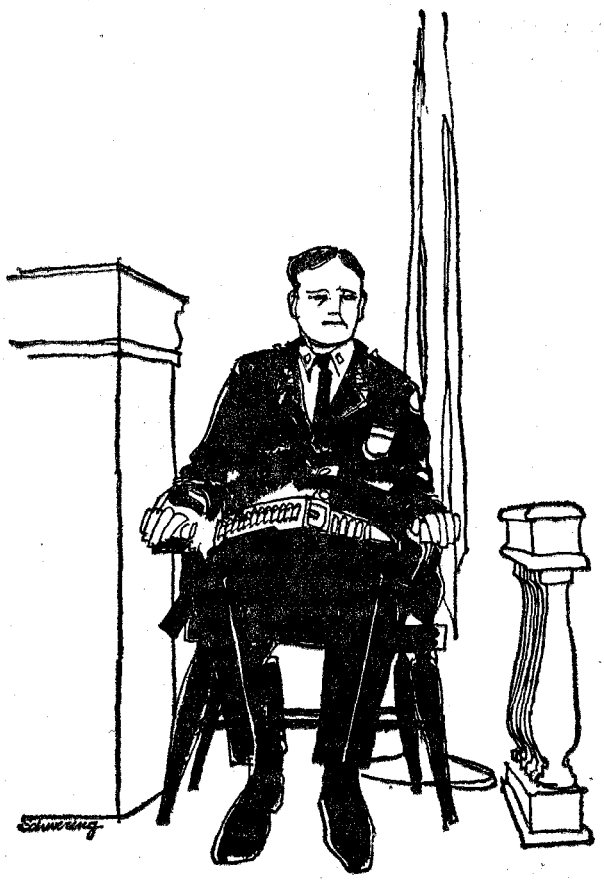
searched him, and found narcotics on his person. This had the ring of truth. It was an illegal search (not based upon "probable cause"), but the evidence was admissible because *Mapp* had not yet been decided. Since it made no difference, the policeman testified truthfully. After the decision in *Mapp*, it made a great deal of difference. For the first few months, New York policemen continued to tell the truth about the circumstances of their searches, with the result that evidence was suppressed. Then the police made the great discovery that if the defendant drops the narcotics on the ground, after which the policeman arrests him, then the search is reasonable and the evidence is admissible. Spend a few hours in the New York City Criminal Court nowadays, and you will hear case after case in which a policeman testifies that the defendant dropped the narcotics on the ground, whereupon the policeman arrested him. Usually the very language of the testimony is identical from one case to another.

This is now known among defense lawyers and prosecutors as "dropsy" testimony. The judge has no reason to disbelieve it in any particular case, and of course the judge must decide each case on its own evidence, without regard to the testimony in other cases. Surely, though, not in *every* case was the defendant unlucky enough to drop his narcotics at the feet of a policeman. It follows that at least in some of these cases the police are lying.

Precisely because a judge is limited to the evidence in the particular case before him, judicial recognition of the problem of police perjury is extremely rare. It happened in 1965, however, in the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. In *Veney* v. *United States*, the prosecutor offered evidence that each defendant had spontaneously apologized to the victim. Such spontaneous apologies had, six years before, been held admissible despite unlawful delay in arraigning the defendant. Judge J. Skelly Wright, in a concurring opinion, wrote:

> For some time now I have been curious and concerned about evidence offered by the Government, appearing again and again in criminal cases, showing that the defendant, at the lineup or other confrontation with the complaining witness, had, while in the presence and custody of the police, "spontaneously and voluntarily" apologized for his misdeed. The word "apologize" would not ordinarily be expected to be in the vocabularies of most of the poorly educated defendants. And even if it were, it seemed more than passing strange, to me at least, that this phenomenon of contrition should assert itself so soon after the offensive act. I began a search to solve the mystery. My efforts were first rewarded by my discovery of the case [*in which the court had held spontaneous apologies by defendants admissible despite delay in arraigning them*]. . . . Since our ruling in [*that case*], and, particularly in the more recent past, "spontaneous" apologies by defendants have been offered by the Government and received in evidence in criminal cases with unusual frequency—usually supported by testimony that the apologies were not suggested or inspired by the police. . . . In view of the above, it appears to me that the time is ripe for some soul searching in the prosecutor's office before it offers any more "spontaneous" apologies in evidence.

This year has also seen the beginning of official attempts to cope with the problem of police perjury. In March, 1966, the American Law Institute promulgated a Model Code of Pre-Arraignment Procedure, which provides that the police must make a tape recording of their questioning of an arrested person in order "to help eliminate factual disputes concerning what was said." More recently, the 20th police precinct in New York City has begun to tape-record all interviews with suspects.



But there will be no tape recordings on the streets, and perhaps the Supreme Court in *McCray* should not so casually have rejected the idea of a constitutional presumption that policemen commit perjury. There is ample factual basis for the presumption, and the courts, despite their reticence, are no strangers to those facts. Indeed, the dissenters in *McCray* hinted as much when they pointed out that "it is not unknown for the arresting officer to misrepresent his connection with the informer, his knowledge of the informer's reliability, or the information allegedly obtained from the informer."

Far from adopting a presumption of perjury, the *McCray* case almost guarantees wholesale police perjury. When his conduct is challenged as constituting an unreasonable search and seizure, all the policeman need say is that an unnamed "reliable informant" told him that the defendant was committing a crime. Henceforth, every policeman will have a genie-like informer to legalize his master's arrests.

This affronts the dignity of the administration of justice. And since there will now always be an informer to establish "probable cause," hence making all searches and seizures reasonable and all evidence admissible, however obtained, *McCray* marks the end of the short life of *Mapp* v. *Ohio*.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Tolkien & Hesse: Top of the Pops

ROBERT SKLAR

Mr. Sklar is the author of F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön, *just published by Oxford. He teaches at the University of Michigan.*

Even for those who believe strongly, as I do, that the present-day young generation differs significantly from any that has come before, there are moments when the whole concept of a new and distinctive young generation threatens to collapse into a concoction of advertising actuaries and slick-magazine moralists. These are the moments when their taste in literature—if nothing else—redeems the young. Books are commodities as much as underarm deodorants, but as yet no monopolies limit the brands and no market research has come up with a package sure to sell. You can lead students to books, as any teacher can tell you, but they can't be forced to drink. Reading remains, like dying, a task most people have to do alone. The immense popularity of J. R. R. Tolkien's fantasies and the growing interest in Hermann Hesse's novels are better guides than most to the styles and moods of young people today.

The Tolkien fad began just at the time when young people sensed their own identity as a generation, when SNCC was breaking off from older civil rights groups, and the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley passed on the word: "You can't trust anyone over 30." But Tolkien himself, a retired professor of Anglo-Saxon, was in his 70s when students began to mine nicknames, epithets, slogans, and even complete languages from his books. And Hesse, a German writer born in the Bismarck era, who had been popular among the young before Marconi invented the wireless, had died at 85 in 1962. Neither in poetry, nor in prophecy, nor in any other sphere of imagination or intellect have the young taken so readily to guides and entertainers ancient enough to be their great-grandfathers.

There are enough sociological, psychological and literary hypotheses readily at hand to produce an explanation as scholarly and detailed as Tolkien's genealogies. But let us rest content with a simple truth: Tolkien and Hesse's visions of life accord with the contemporary visions of youth. In the same way, Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* and Golding's *Lord of the Flies* mirrored the youthful imagination of the past decade. And now that their popularity belongs to history we can see how blessedly far we have come. *The Catcher in the Rye* and *Lord of the Flies* reflected the fear young people felt in that era of McCarthy and the bomb, their helplessness, their hopelessness. Their tone matched the cynical style of those years, and raised to the level of art the bitter compromises youth managed then to make with such ease. Even the most pessimistic critics of long hair and sexual freedom would not want to return us to that.

One is tempted to add another hypothesis because it reflects a little credit on adults. Parents who panicked after Sputnik may find proof in the popularity of Tolkien and Hesse that our schools have brought about a whole new range of literacy. The best extracurricular reading students could manage fifteen years ago usually reached its peak at *The Fountainhead.* Salinger and Golding at least marked a step up to good writing; with Tolkien and Hesse we have attained an astonishing goal, with implications we have yet to grasp: youngsters reading as their favorites, by their own free choice, great works of literature.

You may not bridle to hear the works of a Nobel Prize winner called great. But what of *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, with its enormous bulk, strange creatures, and stranger scholarly paraphernalia, language grammars, tables of dates, genealogies? I can say only this: initially I was put off by the cults and fetishes which surround it, by the crescendo of praise coming from hands grown gnarled with the beating of drums. But reading it won me over. I found *The Lord of the Rings* a work of immense narrative power that can sweep the unresisting reader up and hold him enthralled for days and weeks as he lives the story through.

Everyone must have heard by now a little of the ringbearer's tale. The ring first appeared in Tolkien's earlier, more simple story, *The Hobbit,* where Bilbo, the plump 3-foot-high creature after whom the book is named, finds it in a mountain cave. The ring makes its wearer invisible, and Bilbo uses it to good advantage during his adventures with the wizard Gandalf and a band of dwarfs. But by the first book of the trilogy, when the ring is owned by Frodo, Bilbo's nephew and heir, it has been revealed as the One Ring, key

Works of J. R. R. Tolkien

THE HOBBIT, or There and Back Again. *Houghton Mifflin Co. 287 pp. $3.95. Ballantine Books. Paper 95c.*

THE LORD OF THE RINGS. *3 Vols:* The Fellowship of the Ring. *423 pp.* The Two Towers. *352 pp.* The Return of the King. *Houghton Mifflin Co. 440 pp. $6 per vol. $17.50 the set. All available singly in paper: Ballantine Books. 95c each.*

THE TOLKIEN READER: The Homecoming of Beorhtnoth Beorhthelm's Son. Tree and Leaf. Farmer Giles of Ham. The Adventures of Tom Bombadil. *Ballantine Books. Paper 95c.*

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Hermann Hesse in Paperback

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to supreme power over all Middle Earth.

Evil Sauron had forged the ring. In his first bid for power, when his forces were defeated, he had lost it. But in his desolate land, Mordor, he prepares for a new attempt to conquer Middle Earth. With the ring he would be invincible; and though his opponents possess the ring it does them little good, for its powers work only for evil.

The one way to defeat Sauron is to destroy the ring, and the only way to destroy it is to throw it into the Crack of Doom, the fiery cauldron at the heart of Mordor where it was forged. This is the appalling task Frodo undertakes, with a small company of hobbits, men, an elf, a dwarf, and Gandalf the wizard. What happens to them on their journeys is the story Tolkien tells in *The Lord of the Rings,* with a vigor of language, a complexity of history and character and, above all, a pace and drive of action, adventure and excitement that make the reader feel he sits at the feet of an ancient bard.

Tolkien's trilogy indeed resembles the Anglo-Saxon chronicles he studied as a scholar. *The Lord of the Rings* is a work of art but it is also history—even if invented history—and it bears comparison to works of Gibbon or Parkman more readily than it does to other novels. The great historians are equally artists and builders of worlds. Gibbon's Rome and Parkman's French America are worlds as strange and distant from our own as Tolkien's Middle Earth. On the level of great historical narrative it matters little whether the events described can be absolutely verified; what matters far more is the historian's attitude toward his world and his treatment of it.

As a work of history *The Lord of the Rings* is distinctly Spenglerian in tone. Tolkien has created a historical world with a comprehensive erudition and a philosophical audacity few historians since Spengler have been able to match —and with a sense of tragic destiny nearly equal to Spengler's.

For at its core *The Lord of the Rings* is the story of civilization's decline. Good may finally triumph over evil, but good is never unalloyed—in men or in hobbits or in cultures. The Third Age of Middle Earth, which the trilogy brings to a close, was founded on the powers of lesser rings, rings for dwarfs, elves and men. But the One Ring rules them all. Were Sauron to recover the ring he could only subjugate Middle Earth; when Frodo succeeds in destroying it the other rings must lose their power, too. Frodo and his company know from

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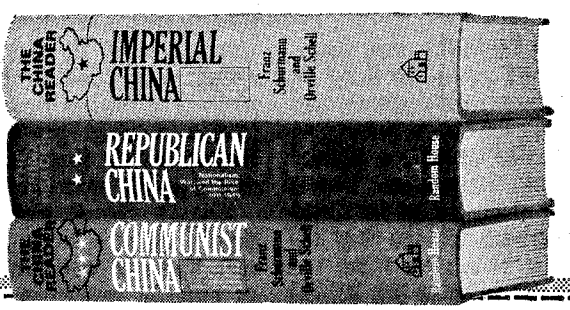

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the start, whether they should succeed or fail, that a 3,000-year era is doomed to end.

In many ways the Third Age had been a time of peace and beauty. Yet Tolkien's historical panorama is too vast to allow mourning over the passing of an age. The elves had "attempted nothing new, living in memory of the past." The dwarfs selfishly hoarded their treasures. Their time now was passed, and they were fated to depart, leaving Middle Earth to men.

For the hobbits, too, time in Middle Earth is drawing to an end. But these little people, with their provincial narrowness, their agelong inconsequence, their simple love of beer and pipe smoking, provide the moral center and the humor of Tolkien's trilogy, and the deep recognition young people feel when they read it. Ignored and underrated by others; hedonistic and isolationist by choice—suddenly a handful of them, Frodo and Samwise, Pippin and Merry, are chosen; or choose themselves. Their moment on the great stage of history has come: to act, to dare, to be brave, to endure hardship, risk their lives, and lose forever their comfort and anonymity. This challenge, and their response, is the true moral drama in *The Lord of the Rings.*

If young people identify more with the hobbits than with the warriors and kings of men in Tolkien's tale, surely one reason—though of course Tolkien could not have envisioned such a remarkable coincidence—lies in the resemblance of the hobbits' situation to their own. Many in the present generation of American youth see themselves as just such a chosen band, called upon to leave behind a way of life equally as self-serving and as oblivious to social truths.

This represents in part a vast metaphor for coming of age—*The Lord of the Rings* provides a most dramatic and mythic analogy for the rite of passage to maturity. But it also suggests a distinctive attitude toward the present. Young people are not so saddened by the Third Age's passing, perhaps because they envision the present as a time when another outmoded era is being left behind—an era when humans are as selfish as dwarfs and as self-satisfied as elves. Like the hobbit band, they can rise above the limitations of their own society and thus prepare themselves to inherit the future.

Above all, what matters is the act of choosing to take part, of participating in company with others. This is a significant distinguishing feature of the present generation of youth—not to take refuge in private life, or in institutions, or in dogmas but to become involved in life. This impulse finds expression just as much among hippies or dropouts or acid heads—drugs too are an aspect of the desire to tune in on life, not to retreat from it—as it does in more conventional forms of political or social action. And the hobbits perfectly reflect their concern, not with the power of kings or knights or presidents or generals but with the power that resides in simple lives and everyday people.

The fantasy and imagination and other-worldliness of Tolkien's work are all important, but what is most important is not that it serves as an escape, or leads to contemplation, or makes for livelier dreams but that it provides a paradigm for action. It asks not who you are, or your pedigree, or your past associations but simply states: this is the task; are you willing to carry it through?

None of the enormous enthusiasm for Tolkien has spilled over onto other fantasy writers or into science fiction. Rather, the young have taken up the novels of Hermann Hesse, where fantasy plays a role strikingly similar to Tolkien's; instead of dreams or separation, fantasy provides new mysteries for our normal state of consciousness and creates new possibilities in the quotidian world.

The most unusual aspect of Tolkien's popularity is his complete unconcern with the traditional and conventional issues of adolescence, particularly that ontological stumper, "who am I?" In the trilogy, characters may change their names and identities several times over, but they are the last ones to stew over it. They know who they are and what they must do, and if they use disguises or pseudonyms it is simply part of the job. Young people do not miss the usual questions in Tolkien because the immediacy of action cancels out all Hamlet-like musings on the self. But in Hesse's novels they find contemplation and a goodly share of action, too.

Hesse's recent popularity rests primarily on one work, *Siddhartha.* Any seeker of self who has looked into Zen or Oriental mysticism is likely to have read it. A paperback edition of *Demian* came out last fall and was boosted to immediate success in no little part by its romantically evocative, mystical cover drawing (artist unidentified). *Steppenwolf* and *Magister Ludi,* the two novels which established Hesse's literary reputation, are also available in inexpensive editions, as well as *The Journey to the East*; so far, though, Hesse appeals to the young through *Siddhartha* and *Demian.*

Siddhartha and *Demian,* like *The Lord of the Rings,* are quest books. But their quests turn far away from the battlefields of Middle Earth, the deserts and mountain peaks of Mordor, turn and tunnel deep down into "the innermost, the Self." Why Hesse, one may ask, among so many competing versions of peering at the looking glass? Precisely because wherever one ends when the search is done, whatever dark tunnels and winding corridors have been traversed, there, at the end, Hesse provides a door into the world.

Siddhartha is a simple story, told in the limpid prose of an oral tale. A handsome boy, son of wealthy Brahmins, Siddhartha is yet unhappy. In his religion and his social position he cannot find the True, the Eternal. "One must find the source within one's own Self," he thinks, "one must possess it." He wants to overcome the Self and find the mystery deep within. Self-denial provides no solution, either. He must discover his Self by bringing it to life in the world. However, the moment comes when he is as satiated by life in the world as he was by self-denial. He leaves all behind, and again wanders, seeking. In the end, Siddhartha concludes that "love is the most important thing in the world. It may be important to great thinkers to examine the world, to explain and despise it. But I think it is only important to love the world, not to despise it, not for us to hate each other, but to be able to regard the world and ourselves and all beings with love, admiration, and respect."

Demian appeared in 1919, three years before *Siddhartha.* While the story of *Siddhartha* is a parable for all individual and historical ages, a resolution for Hesse of the active and the contemplative life, of seeking and of knowing, the earlier story of the German youth is a work intensely involved with a particular generation and a particular time, resolved not so much by art as by the intervention of catastrophe.

Hesse had been a pacifist during the First World War and had spent the war years in Switzerland. Reviled by his own countrymen, he suffered through the breakup of his marriage and the breakdown of his health. It was a time of personal crisis, a crisis of loyalty and identity we call adolescence, though in an independent, questioning life it may occur several times. *Demian* is the product of that crisis, a novel for and about German youth. Published under a pseudonym, it became a great success. Its author was then 42 years old.

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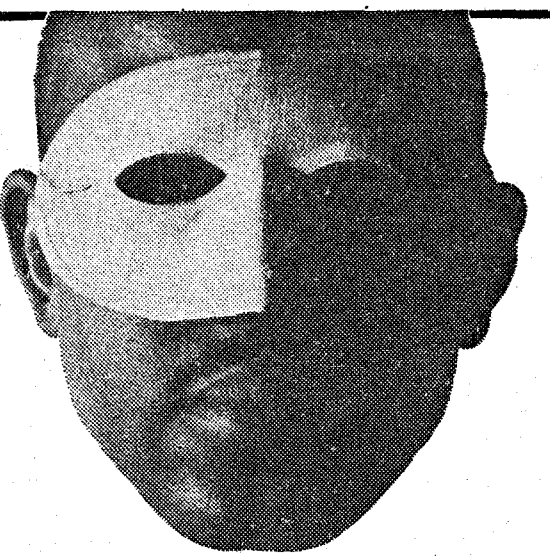
Demian is "the story of Emil Sinclair's youth." Narrating his own story, Sinclair describes how his conventional middle-class youth fell apart when he told a boastful lie and left himself open to blackmail and humiliation by an evil youth, Kromer. But he is unexpectedly rescued by Max Demian, an older boy who lives mysteriously with his widowed mother. Sinclair first notices Demian when he takes Cain's side in a Biblical discussion. Later Demian talks to Sinclair about persons who bear the mark of Cain on their foreheads.

Those who wear the sign of Cain, like Tolkien's Fellowship of the Ring, are a chosen band. "We represented the will of Nature to something new, to the individualism of the future," says Sinclair, while "the others sought to perpetuate the status quo." Humanity was not something to be maintained and protected; it "was a distant goal toward which all men were moving, whose image no one knew, whose laws were nowhere written down." *Demian* ends with the World War, marking an end to the old, and a new beginning.

Hesse's Freudian and Jungian symbolism is clangorous and ultimately opaque. His treatment of the war is equivocal enough to be acceptable both to those who loved it and those who deplored it —a secret of the book's widespread success. Nevertheless, in the prologue to *Demian,* Hesse sharply outlined his own nonviolent humanism. If men truly knew the value of a living human being, he wrote, they would not shoot one another wholesale. We must love all, good or bad, Siddhartha says; all-pervading love surely will create more good than bad.

To the question, "who am I?" *Demian* and *Siddhartha* say: you must look only within your innermost self, but you will find an answer only in the midst of life. To many of the young this is precisely the answer fashioned by their own call, their desire for personal authenticity, separate from, yet expressed through, common action. Each of the chosen chooses himself; the whole is exactly the sum of its parts.

For those young people who heed this call, who seek their selves in the world, word of Tolkien's trilogy and Hesse's novels is passed from mouth to ear. *The Lord of the Rings, Siddhartha,* and now *Demian* have become their guides, their expression, their pleasure. Delight in Tolkien and Hesse signifies a new delight in human mysteries, in life's possibilities, in the power of will and the pleasures of imagination. Life imitates art; may the taste of the young, and our luck, hold.



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The title of Marianne Moore's most recent book of poems, *Tell Me, Tell Me,* is characteristically humble and, at the same time, ironic. Humble, because she is always complaining that she has much to learn about poetry as in "The Mind, Intractable Thing" which ends "craft with which I don't know how to deal." Ironic because, after all, she has so much to tell us, to teach us about her own magical craftsmanship. In "Granite and Steel," which bears the subtitle of the book, Miss Moore defines the Brooklyn Bridge for us as a "path amid the stars" and later as a "romantic passageway"; then, finally, as an "actuality." This progression from the florid to the sparse is equally ironic. The usual procedure in modern verse is to lead us from reality to a visionary ending. Miss Moore reverses this procedure. But for her the "actual" is always the "extraordinary." Like the bridge itself, all of her poems have structural possibilities. They are written in a speech that is often as terse and ordinary and strong as granite or steel. Yet these poems have a light and airy feeling—a dimension of grace. They lead us from the confused disorder of our world into a new space of order.

The art of Marianne Moore is not just the valuable art of observation. She is magical. Her poems do have riddles. They can irk us. But they finally carry us forward by the strength of language and, in her own words, the poet's "burning desire to be explicit." Nothing is wasted. All is transformed.

Tell Me, Tell Me includes prose as well as poetry. The prose is didactic and instructive. It is almost as if the unanswerable question is always about the creation of poetry itself. Why does one write poetry? Of what value is this art? Marianne Moore answers these questions by quoting questions. The "quote" becomes her own. She rescues it from obscurity and turns the quote itself into a form of poetry. She writes:

> *When John Freeman asked Lord Birkett (the*
> *British judge), "Why did you leave your father's*
> *business, to study law?" he said, "I think it was*
> *the fascination of using words in a way that would*
> *be effective" — true indication of indigenous talent.*

To "be effective" is not only the aim of this poet—it is also her achievement. For Marianne Moore *all* things are suitable and enchanting subjects for her poems. It is the same sentiment that Kenneth Burke applied to himself: "all things are grist for my mill including my mill." Miss Moore writes about Dr. Fang, Yul Brynner, *The Harvard Advocate,* Bach, Jerome S. Shipman's comment concerning academic appointments for artists, Mickey Mantle and a score of other people and things with an easy authority for linking unlike things with detail, conversation and humor. In her Notes and Acknowledgments—which reads like a prolonged Marianne Moore poem and is, indeed, just that—she cites her sources with pride:

> *A book on the Brooklyn Bridge:* Fact & Symbol, *by Alan Trachtenberg,*
> *Lu Chi's* Wen Fu,
> *A book on Leonardo da Vinci by Sir Kenneth Clark,*
> The Diary Of Helena Morley, *translated by Elizabeth Bishop*
> *Saint Valentine*
> *A Late Fifteenth Century Tapestry*
> *Post-game baseball broadcasts*

to list (and jumble) just a few books, saints, and other things that have served as inspirations. We meet in her poems a crow called Pluto—and we can never forget him. We learn about Subject, Predicate, Object, and we cannot forget our lesson. Nor can we forget that it is an *endless* curiosity which illuminates everything she, the poet and divine-observer, chooses to point out to us.

These poems depend strongly on music. Miss Moore not only writes about musical things and musical people and places (there are sprinklings of musical names — Carnegie Hall, Gillels, Isaac Stern, the Symphonia Hungarica — all find a place in her poems) but, more than that, the poems gather their strength from a music of their own. The triumph of Marianne Moore is her agility with lines and rhythms so that she writes what is seemingly conversational or natural verse but is actually controlling her diction and stanza in a wizardly, secretive way. There is clarity in each line:

> *O imagnifico*
> *wizard in words — poet, was it, as Alfredo Panzini defined you?*
>
> *Weren't you refracting just now*
> *on my eye's half-closed triptych*
> *the image, enhanced, of a glen —*
> *"the foxgrape festoon as sere leaves fell"*
> *on the sand-pale dark byroad, one leaf adrift*
> *from the thin-twigged persimmon; again,*
>
> *a bird — Arizona*
> *caught-up-with, uncatchable cuckoo*
> *after two hours pursuit, zigzagging*
> *road-runner, stenciled in black*
> *stripes, all over the tail*
> *windmilling up to defy me?*

Here, we have a master who can turn a breath into a world of sound that's musical and perfectly orchestrated. In the final poem of the book—which illuminates the collection with its special sound and radiance—Miss Moore fashions a poem out of a hymn to the sun that is intricate and amazingly unlike her previous work.

Like that other poet—John Donne—whose music was fierce and echoes even now in our ears to tell of the wonder of the Elizabethan tongue—Miss Moore pursues perfection. She has glorified the musical possibilities locked within our common speech; and in her exaltation of ordinary things, from the inert to the energetic and enchanted, she tells us something new about where we can go in the realm of sight and language.

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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Whether because of the pressure of time or of weariness, the daily reviewers are capable of various kinds of injustice. In the case of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center's production of Brecht's *Galileo* the reviewers have conceded that it was the organization's best production to date. Even if they had declared it to be the only one of their productions adequate to the material, it would be a slight to Brecht's play of which almost nothing was said. *Galileo* is one of the very few truly fine dramatic works of the past thirty years.

Written between 1938-39, it is a play of classic stature and ever increasing relevance. When it was first produced as part of ANTA's Experimental Season in New York in a revised version (1947), all but one of the daily reviewers treated it with indifference, if not with open disdain. There was some suspicion of Brecht on various counts: the play was "Marxist," it was rather "cold" and, though Brecht himself had supervised the production, it *was* somewhat drab. Hardly anyone referred to the play's nobility, the subtlety of its simplicity, the force of its idea.

Now once again we hear it spoken of as an "intellectual" play. For many theatregoers this spells anathema. One might as readily speak of the Parthenon or of the fugues in Bach's *Well Tempered Clavichord* as "intellectual" (not that Brecht occupies so exalted a level but the comparison makes clear the misunderstanding in the use of the word).

The play's central figure is a scientist. He is, if you like, its "anti-hero." He may be called that because he vilifies himself for having recanted his doctrine in terror and for having too late come to realize that scientific truth is not an absolute value. "I take it," Galileo says, "the interest of science is to ease human existence. If you give way to coercion, science can be crippled, and your new machines may simply suggest new drudgeries. Should you then, in time, discover all there is to be discovered your progress must become a progress away from the bulk of humanity. The gulf might even grow so wide that the sound of your cheering at some new achievement would be echoed by a universal cry of horror."

This is only part of the play's "message." But at the moment what I wish to emphasize is that calling a play "intellectual" for most of us implies that it is without "emotion." In his day, Shaw gave vent to a comic exasperation at the fact that we make dramatic heroes only out of hysterical kids like Romeo and Juliet and neurotic maniacs like Tristan and Isolde, never of men like Newton or Darwin!

This was something more than a joke. For when we speak of "emotion" in the theatre we mean visceral disturbance, passion, pathos or just tear-jerking. But there are many kinds of emotion: the grandeur of a conception may inspire the most elevated feeling, as may also the majesty of the mountain or the sea, a courageous act, the recognition of beautiful craftsmanship, the splendor of an abstract design, or what once was called "significant form."

For all its earthiness and humor—the language of the original German is simpler and more robust than the translation—*Galileo* has a dignity, a loftiness, a purity which moves the spirit: heart and mind in unity. This quality is evident in speech after speech, in scene after scene.

Take the point at which the Little Monk, in humble compassion for his hard-worked peasant parents, speaks of the need for consolation which the Faith provides, and Galileo's deeply felt, lucid and brilliant answer which ends: "I can see their divine patience, but where is their divine fury?" Consider too the scene in which the liberal and knowledgeable Pope, the naked man before he is attired in his ceremonial robes, refuses to acquiesce in the threat of torture against Galileo requested by the Cardinal Inquisitor. When finally he stands in full ecclesiastic raiment he pronounces his papal decision. "It is clearly understood: he is not to be tortured. At the very most he may be shown the instruments," to which the Inquisitor replies: "That will be adequate, Your Holiness. Mr. Galileo understands machinery." The eye instructs the mind as to the meaning.

The play is a dramatic paradigm of an idea and the trials it encounters in piercing the inertia and resistance of habit, tradition and interests of established institutions. In the scene in which Galileo is hailed as a "Bible killer," the play shows the distortion of every idea by ordinary folk who seize on its most vulgar aspect. Brecht regarded skepticism, since it counsels caution and therefore balance, as a key to wisdom. His play therefore warns us that any new idea isolated from the broadest human concerns involves us in a new danger.

No word is wasted in the play; no moment is without its contribution to the total effect. The incidental figures (priests and prelates, students, merchants, aristocrats and beggars) are colorful without caricature. A sense of humankind in its most familiar traits informs every character. Galileo—here Brecht drew on several phases of his own nature—is shown as "foxy," even opportunistic, given to creature comforts, gluttony, the ordinary man's sensuality, and the canny playfulness often found in men of common origin. All this is enacted against the pageantry of the Renaissance, all the more impressive because of the restraint with which Brecht employs it.

The last observation is based in part on the memory of the great production by the Berliner Ensemble, in which the scenic atmosphere was conveyed through the deeply glowing bronze which enclosed the entire proceedings. A muted opulence must also exist in the text itself, for when I reviewed the earlier New York production—in which Charles Laughton played Galileo—I complained of its barren asceticism. What I thought the play required was a masculine and severe sumptuousness.

The production at the Lincoln Center (directed by John Hirsch, designed by Robin Wagner) aims at and achieves a little of the necessary magnificence. But

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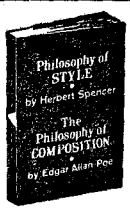
I shall try not to belabor the production with my recollection of the Berlin presentation. (No theatre organization in our country, England or France commands the resources in time, money and extraordinary care of the Berliner Ensemble.) In general, the present production is respectable in its intelligence and devotion to the text. This despite the uncoordinated jumble of the carnival procession, much more tellingly managed in Herbert Blau's Actors' Workshop production in San Francisco.

For those interested in "comparative theatre," a paradox may be discerned in the fact that the acting in the Brecht production was much closer to simple realism than the one at Lincoln Center. The Brecht production contained more individual detail and personal savor. Brecht's actors were quieter, more like real folk unconscious of both their roles in history or on a public platform. The small parts at Lincoln Center are all decently done, but they tend to become "block" figures rather than particularized persons.

The sharpest contrast — I speak of style not of ability — is manifest in Anthony Quayle's Galileo. He speaks with admirable conviction in fine voice. Without rant he is more elocutionary than his Brechtian counterpart. As a result the character's speeches sound more like "propaganda" than they do in Berlin. There, Galileo speaks in a tone of the most intimate, man-to-man common sense. Quayle's Galileo is a convincing spokesman for genius; the other Galileo is as unassuming as some little man who might prove to be Einstein! Everything he says and thinks (together with his relish for food) appears ingrained in his entire being. Quayle comes close to this Galileo—in any case never pompous or stuffy—in the last scene where he shows Galileo in his old age and partial blindness. All in all, an honorable performance.



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TCHAIKOWSKY: Four Suites for Orchestra. New Philharmonia Orchestra, Antal Dorati, cond. Mercury SR3 9018.

RACHMANINOFF: Twenty-Four Preludes for piano (complete). Constance Keene, piano. Philips PHC 2-006.

Handel, Tchaikowsky, Rachmaninoff: a less than immediately obvious chain of historical association, perhaps, but all three were major compositional figures whose work is interesting less for the great profundity or originality of its compositional discoveries than for the sheer *élan* of its compositional virtuosity, which projects a quality analogous to that of the mechanical virtuosity and control of performers like Horowitz, Heifetz, or, indeed, Rachmaninoff himself. In Handel, particularly, one finds an extraordinary immediacy of transmission through a presentational surface that is always precisely configured to provide maximum transparency for a constant flow of brilliant local ideas of contour, sonority and continuity without the interposition of irrelevant complexities. His mastery in this regard is perhaps most impressively evident in purely instrumental works, where the sense of an "idea" must be generated entirely from musical components, without the assistance of verbal-context associations. And of this literature, the Op. 6 Concerti Grossi for strings are perhaps the most inventive, especially in the creation of striking rhythmic and pitch profiles with a minimum of activity. The present recording, however, is too disfigured by "interpretive" eccentricity and gratuitous mannerisms to serve as coherent representation of the pieces; of earlier recordings, Hermann Scherchen's on Westminster is the most perceptive I have heard. The organ concertos, taken as a whole, are rather less inexhaustible in their variety and ingenuity; but individual movements and concertos that project special and interesting qualities are evident throughout in the admirable and probably definitive performances on the Archiv set.

The Tchaikowsky orchestral Suites also appear as their composer's purest exploration of sheer compositional facility, free of imputations of symphonic profundity, choreographic pictorialism, or operatic theatrics. The resultant variety of orchestral skills—especially in the domains of rhythmic-accentual subtleties and sonorous particularity—were probably predictable from Tchaikowsky's other work, but the wide-ranging exploration of ideas of texture and continuity is unique in his output, from the "fugal" movement in the First Suite, whose elaborate "contrapuntal" texture is followed immediately by an extended passage for solo clarinet, to the remarkably experimental *"Jeu de sons"* that opens the Second Suite, to the "neoclassicism" of the Mozart paraphrases and arrangements that constitute the Fourth Suite. To be sure, nothing in the Suites achieves the intensity of articulative or sonorous or rhythmic particularity that appear in sections of the late Tchaikowsky symphonies, but they sustain such a high level of interest throughout that it seems incomprehensible—though characteristically symptomatic—that this is their first complete recording. Dorati's performance is literal but accurate,

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

"Honor . . ." began the wolf
"Excuse me, please," said the sheep
"I hear the shepherd."

●

"If sheep had honor"
Said a lean and red-eyed wolf
"I would respect them."

●

"Our honor's at stake!"
Cried the leader of the pack
"The sheep have snubbed us!"

●

Sheep have the notion
That honor is a concept
Invented by wolves.

BRUCE BENNETT

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and the New Philharmonia's playing is as good as the old.

In works like the twenty-four piano preludes (rather than in his often unfortunately pretentious symphonies and choral works), Rachmaninoff appears as the traditional counterpart to Stravinsky in somewhat the sense that Strauss's music is a traditional (tonal) analogue of Schoenberg's. The brilliance of rhythm and accent in some of these preludes, carried out against a sonorous and articulative background only minimally extended from the late 19th century, rather than with Stravinsky's radical reshaping and refocusing of those realms, nevertheless approaches qualities that one associates with Stravinsky piano literature. The prelude in E minor, Op. 32, No. 4, is especially interesting from this point of view. The complete recording of the preludes in the present Philips album is a welcome event, particularly since Constance Keene's performances sustain an unusual level of brilliance and coherence throughout.

BACH: St. John Passion. Peter Pears, Elizabeth Harwood, Helen Watts, Alexander Young, Hervey Alan, David Ward, vocal soloists; Choir of Kings College, Cambridge. Philomusica Orchestra of London; David Willcocks, cond. Argo ZRG 5270-2.

This musically acceptable performance is seriously marred by the misguided procedure of using an English translation of the text. The words are of no particular interest except as a succession of linguistic sonorities that becomes embedded within and articulated by the sonorous structure of the musical context. But in any translation this essential aspect is sacrificed for a trivial comprehensibility (a point that one wishes would end all the "opera-in-English" agitation, whose possible success raises fearful specters of future acoustical incongruities). In other respects, the playing and singing are responsibly coherent, if not distinguished—it is another "choralistic" performance of the kind discussed here frequently, but does avoid the pitfall of dwelling on choral sonority and detail to the sacrifice of continuity-shape, even though the latter is somewhat perfunctorily projected through an almost exclusive reliance on brisk unfolding.

MONTEVERDI: *Vespro della Beata Vergine* (1610). Soloists, Monteverdi-Chorus of Hamburg. Concentus Musicus, Vienna; Jürgen Jürgens, cond. Telefunken SAWT 9501-02-A.

The Monteverdi Vespers of 1610 was sacred music of unprecedented richness, in the direct aftermath of the brilliant sonority and continuity discoveries of the *Orfeo* of 1607. In particular, the Vespers is full of vocal-instrumental *concertato* ingenuities that represented the fundamental dimension-expanding discovery in the work of Gabrieli and Monteverdi whereby—in contradistinction to the one-to-one relation of presentational surface and interior structure of earlier music—different parts have intersecting functions, and single parts have multiple functions in determining the sense of each event. In the Vespers, this is combined with a fluency and inventiveness in the *stile antico* choral technique that makes this a dimension of a varied textural succession rather than, as previously, the invariant textural language of an entire work—and, in fact, of all music.

The performance, which includes the Gregorian antiphons appropriate to the service involved, is far superior to either the old Oiseau-Lyre recording of the "modernized" Leo Schrade edition of the work, or the grimly out-of-tune playing of old instruments on the "authentic" Archiv recording of the *"Sonata Sopra Sancta Maria"* section. Here, the original instruments and dimensions are maintained, but are controlled with an adequacy approximating performances on "modern" instruments. Interpretively,

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things are mostly rather straightforward and unparticularized, but this is vastly preferable to the ill-considered "expressivity" of most Monteverdi performances in concert or on recordings.

MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde.* James King, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, vocal soloists. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Leonard Bernstein, cond. London OM 36005/ OS 26005.

A remarkably mature and sophisticated performance of what is perhaps Mahler's most completely realized large-scale work, if it is not his most exploratory, problematic or original one. The substitution of a baritone voice for the specified contralto, while traditionally acceptable, does appear to upset at least the long-range timbral balance of the work, and probably the sonorous balance within the individual numbers. Otherwise, Bernstein's control is relevant and rational, and results in a nicely tight articulation of multiple detail (rather than the crude "one big line" assertions of many of his earlier Mahler performances), and a concurrent intensification of interest. The orchestra, too, is superior in refinement and balance to others with which Bernstein has recorded, and the recorded sound much less exaggerated than is Columbia's custom, all of which seems to me to have conjoined to produce Mr. Bernstein's most valuable recording thus far.

MOZART: *Cosi fan Tutte.* Teresa Stich-Randall, Graziella Sciutti, Ira Malaniuk, Waldemar Kmentt, Walter Berry, Dezsö Ernster, vocal soloists. Vienna State Opera Chorus, Vienna Symphony; Rudolf Moralt, cond. Philips PHC 3-005 (stereo version "Electronically Reprocessed").

Don Giovanni. Nicolai Ghiaurov, Claire Watson, Nicolai Gedda, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Mirella Freni, vocal soloists. New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) DL 3700.

Die Entführung aus dem Serail. Erika Köth, Fritz Wunderlich, Kurt Böhme, vocal soloists. Bavarian State Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Eugen Jochum, cond. *Bastien und Bastienne.* Adele Stolte, Peter Schreier, Theo Adam, soloists. Berlin Chamber Orchestra; Helmut Koch, cond. DGG 139 213/15.

Cosi fan Tutte represents a degree and kind of sophistication that had never existed in music—and probably not in any other domain—before. It presents a musical analogue of cool, Wilde-like, verbal and associational wit far beyond that of its own libretto, in which every flick of an inflection becomes dramatically elaborating detail. *Cosi* is, unmistakably, the purest manifestation in Mozart's work of music-theatrical craft, the purest construction of dramatic contours in musical terms, especially through sonority (primarily in vocal-ensemble terms) and rhythm (particularly in terms of patterns of unfolding in solo and ensemble passages). The refinement of this approach generates such remarkable ideas as the modulating inflection of timbral sonorities as the content of an event, without pitch change—an idea that Wagner was supposed to have discovered in the *Rheingold* prelude. And the adjustment of all this is so precise that, while it obviously rewards more stunningly than most other operas a really superb performance, its contextual functions seem to project almost better without any interpretive overlay—certainly better than with an inappropriate one. This is evident in the present performance, resurrected from an out-of-print release, which proceeds considerately but without much distinction, and yet projects a sense of the work's qualities that is superior in many respects to the far more obviously "performed" Angel recording under Karl Böhm. Individually, Teresa Stich-Randall's early singing is a vivid reminder of how painful a deterioration was evident in her recent Metropolitan appearances, and Walter Berry asserts a Bert Lahr buffoonery that is devastatingly inappropriate. Mr. Moralt stays out of the score's way, which suffices.

Don Giovanni, of all operas, was given a paradigmatic recorded performance under maximally adverse conditions by the late Hans Rosbaud (available in a Vox Box), whose sense of the music-theatrical rhythm of sound and sense is a paradigm for operatic performance altogether. This recording by Klemperer will provide no such model; it is a performance of a very special kind, illuminating a special aspect of the work that, however unsuitable to theatrical performances of this or any other opera, is still a remarkable experience. In particular, Klemperer develops an extraordinarily "Wagnerian" approach to the work's continuity, developing an auditory analogue to the flow of chronological time against which the very different time-flows of the context are counterpointed. He achieves this by maximizing the work's continuousness, eliding all the customary rhythmic abruptions that conventionally "push" articulation, so that aria-recitative boundaries are melted, and accentual bumps become subtle differences in time-quantity. (Listen, if to nothing else, to Elvira's cross-accented entrance in *"Ah, chi mi dice mai.")* The perceptual result is a sense of continuity as a frictionless medium in which the music-dramatic succession unfolds with its own, internally generated articulation. And this is accomplished through an extraordinary resourcefulness in orchestral and ensemble technique; instrumental and vocal attacks are breathtakingly subtle, transitions and contrasts are made precisely and in unison without ever producing unmodulated accentuations, and the blending and projecting of orchestral and vocal sonorities as highly individual qualities is even more resourceful than Rosbaud's. Moreover, despite journalistic complaint, the tempos are not actually slower than is customary; one suspects that this impression results from the unpushed continuity of the performance. The vocalists make no individually brilliant impressions, but that itself is precisely appropriate to this most curious and fascinating production.

The early *Die Entführung* is mainly valuable as an index of how truly remarkable the depth of Mozart's mature works was, and of the incredible extent of his growth in his last years, after a long career as a facile and inventive practitioner giving no particular promise of deep originality or complexity. *Die Entführung* has its moments, but they make even more vivid the realization of what the level and abundance of "moments" in, particularly, *The Magic Flute,* signify. *Bastien und Bastienne* is skillful juvenilia, unremarkable except for the composer's age.

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